MSS

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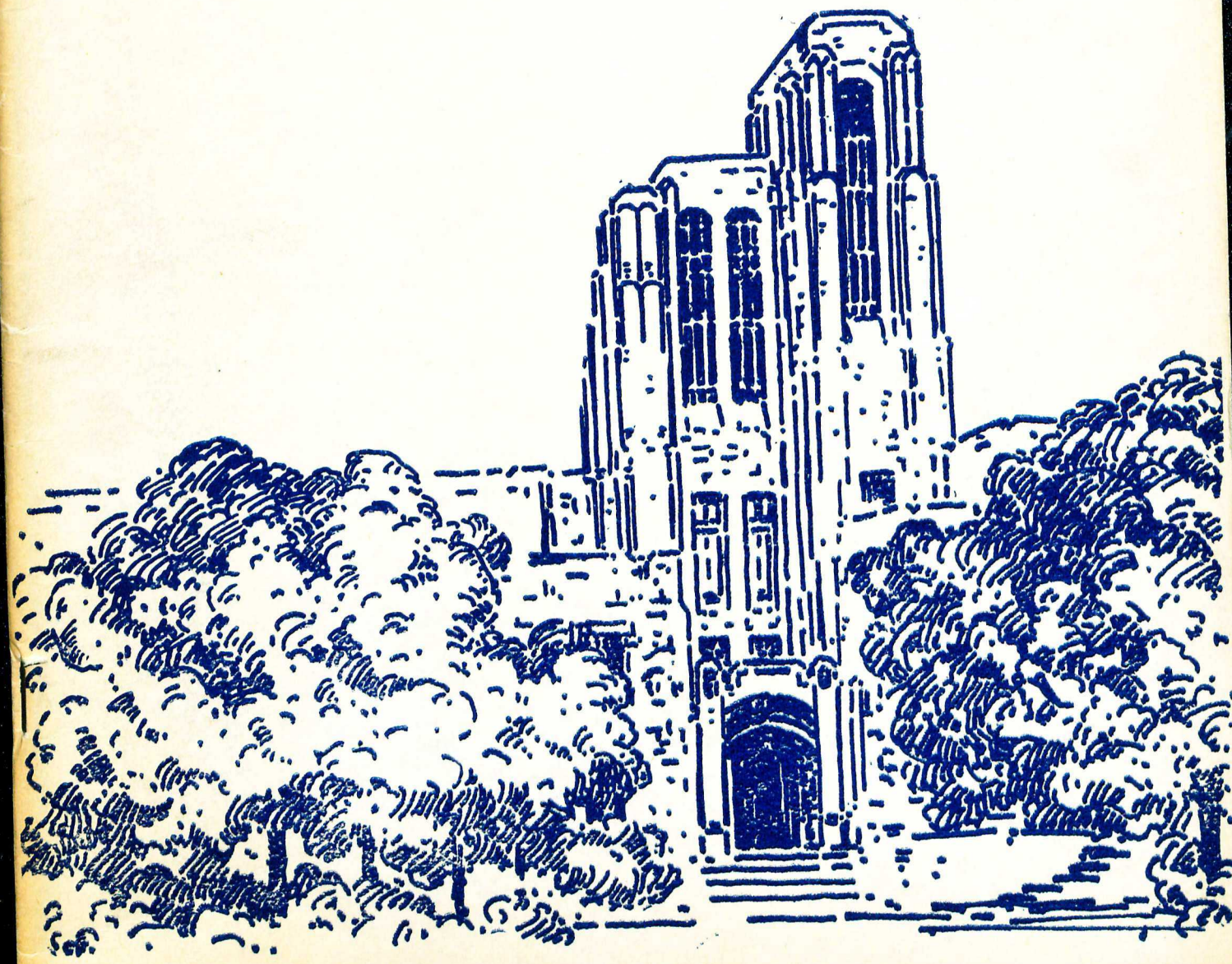

M S S

Vol. XIII May, 1946 No. 4

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1946 Prize Material

UPPERCLASS

FRESHMEN

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The Wilted Petal

MARY ALICE KESSLER

(First Place, Short Story Division, 1946,
Butler Literary Contest)

Edna lifted the wilted wild rose petal from the dusty, little table and looked at it carefully as if it were some lovely, cherished thing. She turned slightly as she heard the uneven step of her father on the porch, and then she smiled slowly.

"Pa, come. The rose petal is dying."

The old man limped across the living room as the screen door squeaked slowly shut, and frowned. Then he put his gnarled, rough hands on her shoulders and looked at the brown petal in her palm.

". . . Fourteen years with my daughter an' she's the wilted thing in my palm . . . . . or is it just the opposite? . . ."

He let his hands drop heavily to his sides and limped to the old secretary where his pipes were thrown in musty confusion. After selecting a stained corn cob with the end bitten almost through, he looked at Edna again.

"Eddie, the fog's in from the lake. You like it — the fog, an' we kin walk down the beach a piece before dinner. Go git your coat and we kin walk in the fog."

Edna stared at his mouth for a moment and then she smoothed back her straggly blond hair with one quick movement. She ran from the room, dropping the brown rose petal on the worn carpet.

When she came back, holding a plaid jacket in her hand, the old man was crouched before the sputtering fire in the wood stove, lighting his pipe with a straw. He straightened up slowly and put her coat over her shoulders. The slight, prickly sound of the wood rubbing over his calloused hands was the only sound in the room except for the sputtering fire and the gentle tick of the little German clock on the mantle.

As they walked down the broken, wooden porch steps leading to the lake path, the old man pulled his coat collar up with a jerk.

"This is the most cold it's bin here in July for twenty-five years, ain't it?"

Edna gazed into the layers of wet fog; and they faded into the folds, as they tramped down the weed-clogged path to the lake.

"It's as thick as bread dough down here by the water — be careful not to go off into the lake. Cain't tell the difference from sand and water — both the same color."

The old man talked incessantly like a small child who had suddenly found that he was being noticed. But he knew he wasn't talking to Edna, but to the fog and the water and whatever lay out beyond the dismal silent blankness.

"Ain't never been out beyond there, but maybe someday we'll take a boat an' go to see what it's like. Maybe it's like in that there book your Ma had 'bout poetry and that Nathanial Hawthorne feller when he said the people were mean and good at the same time. Maybe we know all that and don't realize it, Eddie. Nobody never comes up here to the crag, but maybe that's not so bad."

Edna stopped suddenly and whimpered like a frightened puppy. The old man looked hard into the fog, which was coming in from the water in white puffs now.

The sharp bow of a sailboat nudged into the wet, gray sand, came out of the fog like an illusion, and beside it stood a tall man in slacks and a leather jacket.

"Hallo there!"

The old man stood quietly a few feet from the boat and looked intently at the bow as if he had never seen a sailboat before. The small, blue top sail was almost blotted out in the fog, but the old man could see that it hung limp, waiting for a breath of air to push it out.

The tall man laughed and the richness of it was like a strange, wonderful music in the old man's ears.

"I guess I'm in the horse latitudes. You see, my boat's in the Parlane Downs boat race, and when this fog set in I lost my way. It looks as if I'll be here until the wind blows it off. Do you think I'll have to wait long?"

The old man pulled his stained corn cob pipe from his pocket and felt along the bottom of the lining for a match. His rough finger scratched against a hole and he knew that the match had gone through.

"Ya got a match, mister?"

"Sure .....here," and the tall man pushed a chromium lighter near the bowl of the corn cob pipe.

Edna, who had been watching from behind her father's shoulder, jumped a little as the flame flicked in and out of the bowl, and then walked shyly to the boat and stepped onto the deck. The tall man watched her curiously.

"I see that your girl likes boats. She should see some of the big yachts down at White Harbor, they are really beautiful."

The old man puffed slowly on his pipe.

"We ain't never been outside the crag here, so I don't reckon it's likely she'll see none."

The tall man's eyes widened and then he looked at the crouched figure in the boat. He walked to the bow and began to climb aboard.

Edna wheeled around, and when she saw that he was coming nearer, she ran to the edge of the boat, lost her footing, and fell into the mucky water. She was so frightened that she knelt in the shallow water like a broken statue. Both men waded out to her and carried her ashore; and when she was on her feet again, she ran into the fog that was now clearing away before a cold, northern wind.

The old man looked at the tall man with angry eyes and began to shout.

"You kin take your boat out now. The wind's up. An' don't come back. We're better off alone here on the crag."

He turned to limp away after Edna.

When he found her she was sitting in the sand, trembling; her wet clothes clung to her straight, thin body, and she was crying. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to the top of the hill and they walked back to the old farm house together.

When Edna stumbled into the living room, she saw the rose petal, which had become dry and hard on the worn carpet before the wood stove. She stooped to pick it up, and as she lifted it from the floor it crumbled like ash-logs in a November wind. Edna turned to the old man and tears began to rise in her eyes.

"Pa....the rose petal is dead."

For My Turtle Primeva

ALLYN WOOD

(First prize, Butler Literary Contest, Poetry Division)

Children of the dry bright and cool light
and gleam of water-skin and absorbent
shadow,
Ageless children creeping out of mud
with wisdom in your eyes and half-
smiles of carven idols:

One of you has been washed onto the
shoal unknown
To bask and lay his head down on the sand,
His sun become
A more mysterious one.

I have watched your different way of dying
Knowing the difference from your life to
mine;
Yours the Mesozoic, mine the Cenozoic—
You are not as separate from death
And do not have as far to go as I.
And you are nearer to the source of life,

Our symphonic river below the sun!
I have leaned down from the bridge so
many times,
Searched, and returned the idol's smile;
Breathed deeply with you as you filled
The sailcloth of your throat and turned
With a Viking lift of the figure-head.

Children of rivers; one of you is dead.

Midsummer's Eve

(the meeting of mysteries)

ALLYN WOOD

St. John's Eve—
A cinnamon moon is rising.

Shall I set the plum-baited trap
(a way to catch fairies)
Or paint the tree boles with fermenting sugar?
(a way to catch moths)

On other summer nights than this,
Cecropias come beneath the sycamores.
Stay. What rumor through the weaving air?
That magic ferns unfurl their seeds.
There is hospitality in Lob's garden.
And fairies ride their velutinous steeds,
The mullein leaves, to a birthday party

For him who wildly wandered
Eating locusts and honey.

A Petrel in the Poet's Breast

ALLYN WOOD

A petrel in the poet's breast
Beats up and down, up and down
Upon a sea seldom at rest.

Sometimes it seems the bird must drown
Down there in the breast alone,
A thing mysterious not his own;

And yet it is a kindred thing
That, if the poet drown, will lift
Him on the vision of a wing.

The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met

DAVID CRAIG

(First Place, Essay Division, 1946, Butler University Literary Contest)

The most unforgettable character I've met was my stepfather. In general stepfathers aren't very popular with their stepchildren, but he was an exception in this respect as he was in so many others.

I was eleven and my brother thirteen when G. J. married Mother. He had insured himself of a cordial reception from us previously by taking us to football games, the circus, the Zoo in Cincinnati, Wyandotte cave, up the Ohio on a steamboat, and to various other points of interest. My Mother never accompanied us on these trips. As I look back on it, I think she was applying the acid test to a bachelor, but he came through uncorroded.

My brother and I were mercenary rats. We could see that the annexation of a stepfather was going to improve the family fortunes enormously. I was dazzled by the fact that he gave me a microscope and one hundred pennies for my birthday, and my brother Bob confided to me that he thought a stepfather might be able to buy us bicycles. Added to that was the fact that he was such a genial person and so much fun to have around. We tried to pump Mother to find out what she was going to do and were relieved when she said that she would be glad to have a husband if we were willing to have a stepfather. She lectured to us about our duties, but her talk went in one ear and out the other.

When G. J. first assumed his role as stepfather, he presented Bob and me with a radio for our bedrooms. I realize now that he did so because the only radio we had was in the living room and he didn't care for our taste in radio programs which included Buck Rogers, The Lone Ranger and Fu Manchu, but at the time we didn't see through him and thought he was a cross between a god and a millionaire. It was characteristic of my foxy stepfather that he managed us without ever letting us see his technique.

He was a great stickler for manners. On the hottest night he always put on a coat for dinner and expected us to do the same. Our respect for him was so great that we conformed without complaining but frequently slipped up in other ways. One night my brother sat down to dinner with a girl's green beanie on his head. My mother who is absent minded didn't notice it, but nothing escaped G. J. With his usual courtliness he excused himself, left the table, and came back wearing one of Mother's turbans, edged with pink and blue plumes. Nothing was said, but Mother caught on, excused herself for a moment, and came back wearing G. J.'s homburg. Still nothing was said. I got up, imitating G. J. as closely as I could, and came back wearing a feminine off-the-face job in pink grosgrain. We ate in silence until the cook opened the swinging door into the dining room and gasped. She threw her apron over her head and muttered, "Craziest fambly ah evah worked fo'." Bob never wore a hat to dinner again.

Dinner always was fun with G. J. at the table. He taught us never to hit him up for anything before dinner and

explained that he felt more generous on a full stomach than an empty one. It became a rule that we were not to discuss problems or tell disagreeable occurrances during the dinner hour, but to make it a pleasant family occasion. He saw eye to eye with Bob and me about food. To our joy and delight he hated green vegetables. We had been brought up on spinach and carrots. While we didn't particularly like them, we had learned not to question Mother's judgement in such things. She always would put the blame on Dr. Segar whose word had been law in our household as long as we could remember. G. J. just didn't know about Dr. Segar. The first night the spinach ring with diced carrots in the middle went around the table, he politely took a spoonful but didn't eat it. Mother noticed it at once and asked him to tell her what vegetables he liked.

"Noodles," said G. J. cheerfully.

"Noodles isn't a vegetable," said Mother.

"Well, then, spuds, and beans in the can."

"But Gilbert, I mean green vegetables,' said mother, "the kind with vitamins in them."

"My dear," he said solemnly, "I don't like any of them. I don't know how they make them so nawsty, and I take my vitamins in a pill."

Bob and I went into a fit of the giggles as liberation from spinach came into sight. Then the dessert was served. It was something wholesome with fruit in it and G. J. looked at it suspiciously.

"Can't we have pie?" he asked plaintively.

"We had pie last night, mother said firmly. "You can't eat pie every night."

"You never tried me, my dear," he observed. "I eat pie every noon for lunch."

"Not from that awful pie wagon that comes around the factory?" exclaimed Mother.

"I can see that you don't understand pie," lectured G. J. "You see, some pie is better than other pie, but there is no such thing as bad pie."

After that we had fewer green vegetables and more pie for dinner, and G. J.'s prestige rose higher in our estimation. He was more powerful than Dr. Segar.

Thrift was one of my stepfather's outstanding traits. While generous enough with other people he never spent a nickel on himself unless it was strictly unavoidable. He bought his stocks and bonds from Thomas Sheerin, but his shirts and socks from Sablosky's. He still had the same bedroom slippers and bathing suit he had in college a good thirty-five years ago. Mother had been married to him a year before she found out that the studs in his dress shirt came from the five and ten cent store. She had a fit, of course, but he was urbane and undisturbed.

"My dear, if it took you a year to find out where I buy my studs, how do you expect the public to know?"

He wore his shirts until they fell into a fine powder, and all of his ties were antiques. The first Father's Day we spent with him we decided to fix him up with some new clothes. We bought shirts and ties, slippers and a bathrobe. When he unwrapped the packages he was greatly pleased. He looked at us with twinkling brown eyes and said, "I say, old tops, being a father isn't half as repulsive as it looks."

He carefully put the new clothes away in a drawer and they never would have been seen again except for a certain incident. One night my brother noticed that G. J.'s shirt was taking leave of his collar band.

"Where are those new shirts we bought for you?"

"I'm saving them for an occasion."

"Come on, Dave, let's tear off his shirt," cried Bob.

My stepfather would have put up a battle but he had a little difficulty with his heart. He clamped his hand over the offending ticker and said, "Boys! My heart, my heart!"

"Take it easy, G. J.," said Bob. "A new shirt won't hurt your heart a bit."

With that we ripped off his ragged shirt and left him sitting on the davenport in his under-shirt. I chased upstairs and brought down some of the Father's Day gifts and we dressed him while he laughed until the tears came into his eyes.

On the days when I played football at Park School, my stepfather always came out to watch. He would sit on the bleachers chatting with the other fathers and have a whale of a good time as usual. He loved people, knew everybody, and talked a blue streak. Nobody could get a word in edgewise while G. J. was around. One of the funniest stories that still circulates about my stepfather harks back to a time years before I knew him. He was walking down the street with Meredith Nicholson and James Whitcomb Riley. G. J. was doing all the talking as usual regardless of the fame of his companions. When he turned into the University Club and left them, Mr. Riley said reflectively to Mr. Nicholson,

"Reticent chap, isn't he?"

Although my stepfather had built up a successful business of his own, he hated work and was a very indolent person. He often referred to the business man as the lowest type of animal life. He would have preferred to be a doctor or a teacher like his famous father before him, but after his graduation from Amherst he felt that he had to make money instead of waiting to learn a profession. This he did by saving every nickel and hiring smart people to work for him while he enjoyed himself as much as possbile. He was never irresponsible, always there when you needed him, but was a hedonist at heart and a great party hound.

Every now and then he would get an attack of civic conscience and accept some office to promote the community's culture. Once he was president of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra which was a big joke in our house because we knew his taste in music ran to bagpipes. He had a fine collection of records by the Perth and District prize pipe band, and once confided to me that the world would have been a better place to live in if Beethoven, Brahms and Bach had never been born. Nevertheless, we all went to the symphony concerts regularly, Bob and I wearing our blue serge suits and starched white shirts. G. J. was happy if the orchestra played Carmen or the Nutcracker suite, but snoozed peacefully through Bach's Brandenburg Concerto. Bob and I admired his independence tremendously. Mother would have pinched us if we had slept through Bach.

Five years ago my stepfather's heart trouble caught up with him. We had years of happiness with him and only one hour of horror. He died talking a blue streak, well aware of what was happening, and telling us all what to do. It was a shattering shock for our family, but the best way for G. J. to go. He would have made a rotten invalid. Although he was a unique person who never can be replaced, he is not the type you remember with grief, but with pleasure. When his name comes up in any group, people begin to smile. Each one has a funny story to tell, a typical saying to repeat. He still makes

people laugh. We think of him as alive and quote his opinions which influences us as much as they ever did.

When I came back from France I did not want to go back to college. I wanted to go to work. But to save my life I couldn't get away from the whimsical countenance of my stepfather. I could see him look me up and down with bristling eyebrows lifted, and hear him say in his dry, droll manner,

"Dave, my son, you have a strong back but a weak mind."

Three Moods From Childhood

EDNA HINTON

(Honorable Mention, Butler Literary Contest, Poetry Division)

1.

It's like spring freshets laughing at the feet
Which wince at winter's last remaining chill
In streams she used to brave too soon; and still
It's like the pounding of the summer heat
Which is forecast in warm but heavy beat
Through leaves not large enough just yet to fill
The speckled shade. It's like the distant trill
Of birds. It's coaxing, gentle, hushed, and sweet,
But bubbles, wells and surges up inside
Until it can't be stopped. She has to burst
With gaiety, or run up hills, confide
In nature as she always did since first
She can remember. There were times she would
Just look straight up and laugh—she felt so good.

2.

The keen eyes of the mist might have beheld
A young girl sitting tensely on the crest
Of Fern Hill, in the dusk. Her stubborn chest
Thrust stiffly at attention, lips compelled
Into a line and fists tight clenched rebelled
To hear that voice which sought so to divest
Her of her freedom, or to end her quest
Of pleasure when the day's best moments welled
Around her. Wont — Won't —— W-O-N-'-T screamed through
Her body as she ran now, hoping that
The whistling wind would hush her mother's voice
That still called in persistent anguish, true
And clear — persistent — forceful — till she sat
Exhausted, angry, scared, — to make her choice.

3.

She lay upon the quilted spread, and poked
the little patterns absently, scarce seeing
what they were because they blurred like kittens

playing in the shade. Her body ached
with unshed tears that children never should
restrain, and yet she dared not let her mother
hear her cry, because she felt her mother
would but laugh and call her "foolish child,
dear, foolish child who cries at nothing."

She paused to gaze out at the tree beside
her narrow roof porch, and she so longed to
escape into the fading dusk. In but a
moment she had slipped the little sandals
on her feet and grabbed her woolly sweater
that reminded her of lambs upon a
hillside. Tiptoeing across the room,
she raised the window, inch by inch, as cautious
as a wary doe, for fear she would
be heard. She grasped the bare branch firmly as
a boy, and deftly dropped from limb to limb
till she had reached the ground. A frightened glance
assured her of her safety, and in one
short instant did she pause to draw her breath
before she fled among the shadows like
a timid mouse who scampers to its hole.

Across the narrow meadow, now, she ran,
scarce noticing that she was keeping pace
with Autumn's mischief-making wind which blew
her, with the other leaves, across the shining
silver stalks of grass that sparkled, half
with frost and half with dew.

The sky was fully
dark now, and the tiny crystal stars
were blinking in surprise upon the girl
who scrambled up the meadow in the night.

On toward the hill crest, now, the path led through
a wood, —a friendly wood whose arms held back
her enemies and dread. And yet she raced
against her tears, with thanks that now the stars
had understood her hurry and were lighting
up the path from in between the half-bare branches.

Out of breath, she dropped upon
the grass, still green, that grew within her
secret elfin glade, and rubbed her aching
eyes with its cold dew. A moment then
she cried, not wailed, just simply sobbed until
the ache was gone.

Somehow she had not heard
the crickets sing before, but she heard now!
Wet, muddy-faced, and cold the child arose,
but held her head as high as any queen.
She did not scamper now, she merely walked
and smiled as she picked the path out of the
shadows. She was happy now; she could go home!

Sweat

DAVID CRAIG

(Honorable Mention, Short Story Division, 1946, Butler Literary Contest)

Sweat boiled from under the rim of the soldier's helmet and dropped in his dust reddened eyes. He pulled up his ammunition belt and groped futilely for his handkerchief in a tight-mouthed pocket, gave it up, and wiped his face on the sleeve of his fatigue jacket.

He was marching in a single file column on the right hand side of a narrow road. On the other side, a parallel column of men marched, the two lines stretching monotonously into the distance like the rails of a track. The man in front of him was out of step and it got on his nerves.

On these long treks only the soldier's feet were in France. His thoughts were three thousand miles away. He had been married nine weeks, five days, fifteen hours and thirty-seven minutes before he left his young wife in the States and headed for a port of embarkation.

Twenty years old and a married man! Who ever heard of such a thing? He and Janie never had intended to get married before he finished college. Of course they had an understanding. Everybody knew they were engaged.

What a pretty thing she was! He remembered her dark curls cut short like Ingrid Bergmann's in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and her talkative brown eyes. And what a commotion she caused among the fellows when she came down to the fraternity house for the spring dance. The wolves howled at her, but she was unaware of her effect on them. That was one of the things he loved about her. She wasn't self-conscious. She never put on an act. She was a perfectly natural, unaffected girl who laughed when she felt like laughing and cried when she felt like crying. He never had seen her cry very much until that night he left for basic training. God, what a night that was! At the railroad station she hung around his neck, oblivious of curious onlookers, and whispered,

"Let's don't wait. Let's get married."

"On what?" he asked bitterly. "I'm a private in the United States army."

"I'll go to work."

"You will not! You'll go back to school."

Perhaps he should have stuck to this resolution, but he was a weakling where Janie was concerned.

After basic training he was sent back to college under the A. S. T. Program. It felt good to be back in college. This gave him a chance to get an education and head for a commission all at the same time. If he had a commission, he could marry Janie before he went across. He put a lot of sweat into it, but the whole thing was a rat race and folded up in less than a year.

He was a private in the infantry again, sweating it out in Florida.

He wasn't there very long before Lt. Hamilton said the company had less than six months left in the States. What the hell? Did a guy have to have his brains shot out before he had a chance to live? Janie was right in the first place. Why wait? Why not get married?

He made a long distance call. Janie was shocked at his news but ecstatic at his

proposal. Sure she'd come! Just let anybody try to stop her! Then there was the mad rush, reservations, arrangements, more telephone calls, a three-day pass, and in no time flat he and Janie were standing before the altar in the army chapel.

"I, Stephen, take thee, Jane, to be my wedded wife . . . to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, in sickness and in health, 'till death do us part . . ."

Was he bawling? No. Just more sweat getting in his eyes. Twenty years old and a married man! Who ever heard of such a thing?

He got her a room at the Green Cove Sulphur Baths Hotel, twenty miles from camp. He was a mail clerk and got home almost every night. They had nine weeks and five days of bliss before his company was alerted. How could he ever forget the night he told her he had to leave? His tough old sergeant let him off early so that he could be with Janie just that much longer. He waited all afternoon before telling her for fear of spoiling her happiness. Then he popped it. She didn't believe him at first, but slowly it sank in that sulphuric Green Cove was a past experience. Maybe everything else was, too. She shed tears, oceans of tears. Her whole body bubbled with emotion. Then she took his breath away with another of her bright ideas.

"Let's don't wait. Let's have a baby!"

He felt stunned.

"What if I don't come back?"

"You've got to come back!"

"I have a fifty-fifty chance, but what if I don't make it?"

"I still want the baby."

"How could you take care of it by yourself?"

"I'd have your life insurance. There's ten thousand from the government, and then there's your civilian policy."

"That isn't enough."

"I could go to work!"

* * * * * * * * *

Oh God, did he do right? That was four long months ago and still he knew nothing definite. Was Janie pregnant? What was the matter with the mail?

The C. O.'s voice broke into his revery.

"Take ten!"

The men looked around for a shady spot to sit. They unbuckled their heavy ammunition belts and slumped. Steve set down by Frank Haymon, a hill billy from West Virginia, and griped, "Brother, do my feet hurt!"

He watched Frank slide down into the ditch and prop his feet up on the edge of the road. He threw off his helmet and lit a cigarette.

Frank said, "We don't have much farther to go. Fourth Armored ran into a pack of Jerries eight kilometres up the road. We'll catch up with 'em in a couple of hours."

"Jeez, I don't know which is worse, fighting or walking. Think I'd rather fight. No, when you fight, you gotta dig. I've got enough blisters on my feet without putting them on my hands, too."

A jeep bumped up. A corporal leaned out with letters in his hand and began calling names.

Steve sprang up and stood listening tensely.

"God, I hope I get a letter. Only had three letters in four months."

"Same here. We've been movin' too fast for the mail to catch up with us."

"The truck load the Jerries captured didn't help things any."

"Wonder if any of our mail was burned in that postoffice fire back in New York?"

"That guy's too slow for me. I'll go up and see if there's any mail for us."

He hurried up to the jeep and rushed back with a V-mail letter in his hand. He sat down with a clatter of equipment and ripped the letter open.

My darling husband,

It's been oh, so long since you held me in your arms. I love you so much and miss you more every day. Are you taking care of yourself? You must for my sake. I don't know why you don't get many letters from me. I write every day. I've had about twenty from you so far. Please don't worry so much about me, darling. I'm feeling fine. Sorry this is so short but I've got to study. This will be my last semester in school.

With all my love,

Janie.

Her last semester in school! She had two more years to go. What was she talking about! Then she *was* pregnant? Where the devil were those letters in between that would explain her statement, the letters he didn't get? His forehead was wet again. His shirt stuck to his back.

"Hey, Frank! Listen to this!"

" 'Don't worry so much about me . . . I'm feeling fine . . . sorry this is so short . . . I've got to study . . . this will be my last semester in school.' What do you make of it, Frank?"

"Sounds to me like she's gonna have a baby or she wouldn't be quittin' school."

"Good Lord! I'm gonna be a father! Hey, Lucky! I'm gonna be a father!"

The C. O. looked at Steve's excited face, red as a sun-burned blonde's.

"Congratulations, boy, but this is a hell of a time to find that out. The Fourth's up ahead. Hit a beehive of Jerries. We've got to dig 'em out. Hear that gun fire? That's from Kraut eighty-eights. The place is lousy with 'em. Better get ready. We're movin' up in a few minutes."

"Krauts or no Krauts, I'm still gonna be a father. Gotta right to celebrate. Where's that cognac? Jeez, twenty years old and a father! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

The sweat ran down his cheeks and he wiped it off with his sleeve. He read the letter over again.

Another jeep bumped by and the driver threw out heavy cases of ammunition. The non-coms doled out the bandoliers. The men got up, rebuckled their equipment. Then the signal was given and they headed for the gunfire.

Steve was marching in line again. The man in front of him was out of step. His temporary exultation had fizzed out and his feet felt like hot lead. Just before combat the column of men always reminded him of a live wire. He could feel the current traveling from man to man. It wasn't anything you could see or explain. You just felt it. All of them were scared. So was Steve scared. A guy who said he wasn't scared before combat was a damned liar.

Steve felt the old familiar tension all over his body which centered in his stomach, drawing it up into a tight knot. His throat muscles swelled and hurt like that time he had the mumps. He couldn't swallow, but then there was nothing to swallow, his mouth was so dry. An odd sensation ran down his arms into his fingertips. He was wound up like a steel spring. His mind wandered.

"Hell of a decision I made to have a kid . . . never get to see his father. I've got a fifty-fifty chance. Gotta make it. Jeez, it's hot. Janie didn't realize what she was doing. Janie . . . can't remember what she looks like . . . no time to think about her now. Gotta be an animal and kill other animals . . ."

Two hours later the company stopped

in a woods to wait for orders. The men sprawled on the cool green moss trying to doze off before the attack. Some sat and munched glumly on K rations or hard candy. Others chain-smoked. Steve and Frank removed their shoes and changed their sweat soaked socks for dry ones. They heard the clicking of triggers as the soldiers checked their M-1 rifles to see if they were in good working order. In the distance they heard mortar shells exploding. They waited.

A non-com came up.

"All right. Fall in ten yards apart at the edge of the woods. Keep an eye out for snipers. This place is thick with 'em. Let's go!"

The soldiers, each one carrying forty pounds of equipment on his back, stumbled into the clearing and walked along the side of the woods.

"This is it, Frank," Steve said. "Hope it isn't too bad. If we keep low and out of sight, maybe they won't see us and start throwing things."

"Jeez, I hope not," Frank said. "I had enough of those eighty-eights back in Normandy."

They walked across a field on to a road that lead to the town of Luneville. Word was passed back to crouch low, but it was too late. The enemy had spotted them and the eighty-eights began screaming overhead. A shell landed on the road about one hundred feet away, blowing the branches from the trees.

"Damn! They got our range!"

The call came back for a medic. A man wearing a dirty white arm band with a red cross on it jogged by.

"Wonder who they got?"

"We'll see in a minute."

They approached a small group of men leaning over a crumpled heap. It was the man who always was out of step. His stomach was ripped out. Steve looked away and walked on. In the distance muffled puffs sounded in mathematical precision.

"Eighty-eights! Let's get out of here!"

The muffled puffs increased to shrill whistles. Then there was an earth shaking blow nearby. Steve threw himself sprawling in a ditch as a giant tree came splintering down. Another horrendous crash, and the side of an old stone barn crumbled in a cloud of powdered stone and dust. Three sharp explosions followed, filling the air wth an ear-splitting din. Steve felt a sharp pain in his leg. The breath was knocked out of his chest. His ears roared and his whole body was stinging from the terrific impact. Gradually the noise rolled away with the dust. Men were groaning. There was a frantic cry for "Medic, Medic!"

"You all right, Steve?"

"Think I've been hit. My leg hurts."

Steve put his hand on the spot that stung. It was warm and wet. Blood! Then he had been hit! He tried to move but couldn't budge his leg. He looked around. The company was gone. Only a few men were left. Two medics were kneeling beside Frank who was leaning against a tree. His leg was covered with blood.

Steve dragged himself painfully out of the ditch.

A man was lying next to him but he couldn't recognize him. Part of his head was gone.

The medics left Frank and went over to another groaning man.

"Let's get out of here, Frank. Where's the Aid Station?"

"Back there, about a thousand yards. Think you can make it?"

"Yeah. Maybe if we work together it'll be easier."

"Better wait for the medic to look at your leg. Might be bad. Taken your sulpha yet?"

"No. Can't get the damn stuff out of the holder. Let's get the hell out before the shelling starts again."

The two men pulled themselves to their knees and started crawling. Neither spoke for a long time. Finally Frank said, "Your leg. It's bleedin' bad. Better stop and wait for help."

"No. Let's keep on. I'll be all right."

They had stopped to rest when two medical officers drove up in a jeep.

"Pull out the stretchers and let's get these fellas back to the station."

One of the officers lifted Steve and put him on a stretcher. He was breathing hard and muttering, "Gotta make it. Gonna be a father. Janie . . ."

* * * * * * * * *

Circles, thousands of circles, rippling circles, swam around his head. Dimly he heard voices around him but couldn't understand what they said. What had happened? He tried to ask but couldn't make a sound. He stirred uneasily and was conscious of sheets, smooth, soft sheets.

"Must have been hit," he thought vaguely. "Must be in a hospital."

He opened his eyes and saw the bed next to him with a woden framework over it holding a leg suspended by a pulley.

"Leg ward," he thought.

He turned his head weakly. On the other side of him was another bed with someone in it but the sheets were flat where the legs should have been.

"Amputee ward!" he thought in a panic. Nervously he felt for his own legs. Both were there. He tried to move his feet and felt pain. He remembered all the stories he had heard about fellows who imagined they felt pain in their legs after they had been amputated. Maybe he just imagined he had feet on his legs! His panic increased and his heart began to thunder. He saw a nurse and called to her.

"Hey Nurse! Look and see if both my legs are all there."

"Sure, they're all there, Soldier."

The circles were closing in on him again. His ears were humming and he fought to stay conscious.

"Gonna lose a leg?" he muttered thickly.

"No. It's not that bad. Don't worry. We're moving you out of the amputee ward today."

The circles lost their rims and turned dark. He let go and the humming faded out. The nurse felt his pulse and then mopped off his face.

"Good Lord," she said softly, "How the boy sweats!"

Poems

TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

LOUISE RETHERFORD

(Honorable Mention, Butler Literary Contest, Poetry Division)

Sun of tropic sky,
Beat on mud-hut door,
Reflect with stale sun smell
From foamy, beaded shore.

Reflect the tree-blood green
Against white-blue of sky,
Shadow-blanket weary waste
Of Islander's prisoned cry.

NIGHT WIND

LOUISE RETHERFORD

Windy night
when
shredded clouds shroud
the light
of
a pock-marked moon
and a loose door chatters

NIGHT WALK

LOUISE RETHERFORD

Midnight.
Fog-bound, intimate time
when
sodden, shadowless trees climb
into steam-streaked city lights.
Into
midnight.

MORNING MOON

LOUISE RETHERFORD

Old morning moon
Final evidence of night
Sterile in your paleness
And harsh, degraded light.

Weary of night's darkness
Enfeebled by intrigue
Loveless in your starkness
You're white with light fatigue.

The Bogy Word Will Get You

JACK HAYES

(Honorable Mention, Essay Division, 1946, Butler Literary Contest)

Writing in the British publication, "Left," Major Lyall Wilkes, M.P., states that political labels mean nothing. Labels have about the same meaning in the United States. Every politican in this country claims he believes in democracy. And every politican does, for everyone in the United States does believe in democracy. And politicans being part of the people must believe in democracy. If democracy had the same meaning to everyone our state of affairs would be rosy indeed. But conceptions of democracy, not unlike plant life, vary; some ideas of democracy are beautiful and useful, and others ugly and poisonous. A man can quite honestly state that he believes in democracy and simultaneously spread the doctrines of hatred of Negroes, anti-semitism, and anti-catholicism. He can believe in democracy and be against collective bargaining rights for labor, hire scabs to break strikes, and oppose any plan to clear slums in order to build modern homes. Such a man believes in democracy and he calls himself a Democrat, Republican, or Christian.

Other men believing the very antithesis of such ideas claim they too believe in democracy, and they do. Everyone believes in democracy. And these other men also call themselves a Democrat, Republican, or Christian. Everyone must believe in democracy; it is a beautiful word like ice cream and cake. But unlike ice cream and cake many sins have been committed in the name of democracy. That is because when anyone says that he believes in democracy we assume that he is talking about the same democracy that we believe in and, we do not bother to learn otherwise.

Democracy has not always been a beautiful word. Aristotle hated it. American revolutionists did not use the word. Lincoln did not use the word. Maybe they meant what I mean, but they did not use democracy to describe it. Woodrow Wilson made democracy a political euphemism during World War I with his slogan to make the world safe for democracy. Today democracy is our god and object of worship. Hate everybody, but believe in democracy. Suppress free speech, but believe in democracy. If you do not believe in democracy, you may get mobbed.

I believe in democracy.

I believe in equal rights for everyone and that includes Negroes. I believe in job opportunities for everyone, and I do not exclude Negroes or anyone else. I believe in collective barganing rights for labor. I believe free speech includes the right to speak against me or my ideas. I believe in stating what I mean. If I am against the government paying to have wheat plowed under when men are hungry, I do not say I am against government bureaucracy. I say I am against the government paying to have wheat plowed under when men are hungry.

People who disagree with me say I am a Communist or a Facist or an Eskimo, whichever is the worst word they know. But I am not afraid of their big bad words. People who agree with me say I am a

Christian or a Socialist or an Eskimo, whichever is the best word they know. But I am not flattered by their word, because I know if they ever disagree with me I will change into a bad word.

I am not in favor of Communism, Facism, Individualism, Paternalism, Totempoleism, or Free Enterprise. Like democracy such words have a different meaning to every individual. Nor am I against those words. How can I be? They have no rational meaning that everyone accepts. They are only words that people hate or love. They describe emotions of fear or hope. I want to know those actions a word of hate or fear describes and those actions which would inspire a word of hope.

London Tower

CHARLES J. HORNBACH

I could hardly say that I was disillusioned as at last we stood outside and viewed for the first time the famous Tower of London, for I really didn't know exactly what to expect. From stories I had heard I knew that the Tower couldn't be just that—a tower; but what else? The name is misleading.

We had hailed the cabby back in Trafalgar Square in the heart of the city and had had indeed a great deal of sport in issuing lavish directions into the large mouth-piece and hose-like contraption which served the rear occupants of the cab as a device for communicating with the driver seated up forward in that incongruous position on the right side. Whether by chance or circumstance the cabby seemed quite congenial about the whole situation and assumed rather an air of mild gaiety, (which blended with our own spirit of frolicsomeness) in contrast to many another somewhat more austere composure we had met with in similar circumstances. He drove us in the general direction downstream alongside the Thames, pointing out as he went objects and places which he thought might be of interest; for he now realized that his was no longer merely the role of "hackey," but also that of guide for the transient "tourists." Occasionally we could see a smile twist the corners of his mouth in gratification for the reward of our laughter produced by the hand-operated "squawk" horn which seemed to us ancient, but typical.

Soon a bridge loomed ahead to our right, stretching across the river, and we were told that this was indeed London Bridge of childhood rhyme and melody, standing now very firm and upright in spite of the words of the song giving opinion to the contrary. We turned right, crossed to the other side and continued on downstream until we arrived at the impressive and picturesque sight of the great Tower Bridge. The sight turned my memory back many years to a page in a history, or a literature book, where, though the print was blurred, the picture was almost as distinct as the one now before me.

Here we turned left, recrossing the river, and now immediately on our left again, standing grimly, gray and austere, was the ancient sentinel of the historic city—The Tower of London.

In describing the Tower of London as it stood upon its completion and as it

stands today, there are three major distinct and separate parts to be considered. There is the central fortress, or "Tower"; an inner wall, having twelve towers built along it, which completely encircles the central fortress; and, finally, there is another outer encircling wall which is bounded by a wide moat on three sides, with the river on the fourth. Though I do not know the actual area that is covered by the entire fortress, I think it could possibly fit roughly into the size of one of our larger city blocks. The word "roughly" is probably apt for the entire structure is lacking in any kind of symmetry of construction or architecture, having been built for defensive rather than for monumental purposes.

The central fortress which is known as the Norman Keep is the original and oldest portion of the Tower. The name "Norman Keep" is derived from the fact that it was built by William the Conquerer and his Norman invaders, and the date of its origin is generally accepted as the year 1078. Though four-sided, the Keep is not actually a square, the external measurements from north to south being one hundred and sixteen feet, and one hundred and seven feet from east to west. Its height is approximately ninety feet. Perhaps the most remarkable and noteworthy feature of this crude, gray, stone structure is that its walls along the lower reaches are fifteen feet in thickness, making it quite impregnable to the weapons of that day. As a measure of security it had but a single high entrance, and in place of the large windows with which it is now covered it had instead only loop-holes and slits from which a hail of arrows could be thrown against an attacking force. From the standpoint of seige the Tower was quite prepared to withstand one for a considerable period since it has its own well within and beneath it.

The second main structure is the inner encircling wall with its twelve towers located at intervals along the wall. Of these towers there are only four which are of particular interest and are pointed out by guides today. This inner wall is built at a considerable distance from the central Norman Keep, thus allowing space for a courtyard within and surrounding the central fortress. The complete area within this wall is known as the Inner Ward. Though built sometime after the death of William the Conqueror, credit to be given for the building of the wall is vague, and its construction has not been attributed to any one person. A feature of note is the fact that throughout the entire wall there is but one well guarded entrance, giving added emphasis to the defensive character of the Tower.

King Henry III is credited with having completed the construction of the outer wall of fortification with the moat surrounding, leaving the main part of the Tower of London as it stands today. There were originally but two entrances to the Tower through this outer wall, one land entrance by drawbridge across the moat, and the other through Traitor's Gate, a waterside entrance on the Thames. Later however, another waterway entrance known as the Queen's Stairs was added to permit royalty and people of distinction to gain admittance without having to pass through the gate bearing the sinister name, this later being reserved for both the justly and unjustly accused enemies of the state.

In considering the functions which the Tower served it has already been noted that its primary purpose to serve as a formidable, stone, gray fortress is obviously revealed by the character of its construction alone. At the time of its con-

struction and for many years afterward, the Thames along which it was built was considered and used not only as a principle waterway, but as the only large avenue for both business and pleasure craft plying between London, other parts of the British Isles, and foreign lands. Here again the strategic position of the Tower along this great avenue and guarding the city of London is significant.

A second and possibly likewise obvious purpose for the Tower was its capacity to serve as a Royal Palace in times of stress. In order to serve more adequate the luxurious needs of members of Royal Families who at times were compelled as a measure of safety to take haven within the fortress, a King's House was erected in the courtyard alongside the inner wall between the central Keep and the side of the Tower bordering on the river. The King's House still remains today and is used as a residence for the Governor and Major of the Tower—a post which is given to an army officer of distinguished service.

A function for which the Tower was never purposely intended remains, however, with us historically today as possibly the primary use to which it was put throughout the more grisly period of its existance. Indeed, today the escorted tourist who may possess but a meager recollection of his study of English History appreciates and retains from his visit the realization that in more than any other respect the Tower served as a prison for noblemen and members of royalty, as a place of execution, torture, murder, and to complete the gruesome picture, as a place of burial for the more noble decapitated victims. Throughout a tour of the Tower one soon becomes quite accustomed to hearing the guide complete the majority of his anectdotes concerning distinguished prisoners with the word: "he (or she) also lost his head." Occasionally a hanging adds a bit of variety to the somber monotony.

A list of the prisoners who were confined within the Tower would certainly be quite lengthy and many would be little known to the average person. A mention of a few of the more notable personages may however be of interest.

Before my visit to the Tower, I, for one, was unaware of the fact that Sir Walter Raleigh was forced to remain within those gray walls for a period of thirteen years. Also confined here had been Queen Elizabeth, though at the time she was but a young princess. Others were Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, Mary Queen of Scots, Guy Fawkes, Sir Thomas More, and Lady Jane Grey. Regarding the last mentioned prisoner the guides tell a pathetic and agonizing incident when indicating the window of the room wherein she had been confined. The story is told that unwittingly she happened to glance out of her window into the courtyard at the very time when the decapitated body of her young husband was being carried past. Very soon afteward she met a similar fate beneath the axe.

Within the tower itself there were only five executions performed, and of the five who were beheaded, four were women, two of whom were Queens. The other, and much greater number of executions took place outside on a broad plot of land adjacent to the Tower and known as Tower Hill. Today, though there is a small plaque on the spot where the scaffold stood, the area is otherwise clear and children now play on ground once drenched by noble blood.

In the central fortress tower, the Norman Keep, several implements of torture are today exhibited. One pointed out more particularly by the guides is that known as "The Scavenger's Daughter." In

this device the victim, with hands and feet secured, was crushed until blood spurted from his body. The rack, a more conventional if not more "delicate" implement, is likewise on display.

Also related in the bloody history of the Tower is the story of the murders of the two young princes, the boy King Edward V and his younger brother, the Duke of York. They were killed in the stealth of the night, one by suffocation, and the other upon awakening, by repeated dagger thrusts through his heart.

In concluding there is but one more befitting structure within the Tower to be considered. This is the Chapel of St. Peter located like the King's House, previously mentioned, alongside the wall of the Inner Ward, but on the side opposite the King's House. It is here that those completing the tour of the historic grounds uncover their heads and listen in reverend silence as the guide quitely describes the tombs containing the headless relics of two queens and other members of royalty lying side by side in a small hallowed space beneath the altar. This scene and the thought of it is perhaps one of the most poignant and lingering of all, and I recall now that as we left the gray walls of the Tower and slowly rode over the ancient cobbled streets which led back to the heart of the city, we were remarkably sober—a striking contrast to our lighter mood exhibited during the earlier part of the day. For once, all of us were oddly quiet.

Speak Of The Devil

ROSEMARY BROWNE

OsKar Castlereagh, a man well past the middle age, sat on a large sofa with his wife, Jeanie. Around them were gathered men from his profession, all musicians, most of them talented and a few hanging on to still cherished illusions. Castlereagh was obviously the prominent figure of the group, according to the number of eyes focused upon him. He sat forward with his elbows propped upon his knees, holding a cigarette between two long slender fingers. A spiral cloud of smoke was drifting up past his face to the ceiling making his eyes squint. His narrowed eyes made one feel that he was looking through the surface of a face and settling his eyes last upon the inner carefully concealed thoughts.

This Bohemian group frequently met together, for a musician likes nothing better than to discuss the rudiments of his profession with another musician. However, at this moment, the discussion had gone astray. For Edward Raine was not exactly a rudiment, and upon him their interest had alighted.

"Anyone seen Ed lately? Last I heard, he was in California."

"No," Castlereagh said. "I got a card from him several months ago but that's all. Never saw a crazier fella . . . . kept all of us laughing."

The men slipped down further into their seats and made themselves comfortable, for they felt one of Castlereagh's stories coming on. The room became dim as cigarette smoke slowly filled the room.

Castlereagh continued, "I remember once when Ed felt like having a little beer party. He decided to borrow five bucks

from Johnny, so he spent all he had on a bus ticket to get out to Johnny's farm. Johnny wasn't home. Ed always had been scared of Johnny's father, but John's father had taken a great liking to him, Ed was so smart and clever. Why, he sat around there waiting for John and talked to his father about the farm as if he had lived on a farm all his life, and all the time he was scared to death of him. Ed didn't have the nerve to ask him for the fiver. And John's father would have been glad to give it to him. After he had waited around for John long enough, he decided he ought to go. Because he couldn't make himself ask the old man for carfare, he walked all the way home, and that was no short distance. And Ed was the biggest moocher in town.

"Remember when he stopped the show, 'Hellzapoppin'? He had been out on a week's bender, and we thought he wasn't going to play that night; anyway he didn't show up on time.

"Just after the first intermission everyone began to howl with laughter. Many of them stood up and clapped. For there sat Ed in the orchestra pit wearing a week's beard and a pair of bright red pajamas. He must have slipped in through the pit door during the show. He had taken his place quietly and was going to town on his flute. Everyone in the audience thought he had been planted there as part of the show.

"When he discovered that he was the object of their applause, he stood up, making embarrassed gestures with his hands, glancing around him and bowing from side to side.

"Even the performers on the stage had stopped to see what was going on. Finally, with a little difficulty, the show got under way again. All evening though he made clever little movements with his fingers over his flute and wiggled his flexible eyebrows at them, being rewarded each time with a new outburst.

"After the show he was offered a job with the troop. He refused indignantly, deeply insulted. How could anyone think that an artist such as he would stoop so low as to become a comedian.

"Ed was always doing something to make people wonder. Like the day he and Johnny parked the car up the street from here and drew out from the back seat a saxaphone and a clarinet. Then, to the neighbors astonishment, they marched all the way down the street playing 'It Came Upon a Midnight Clear,' and it was in the middle of July. They marched right into the house, never missing a note, and came into my bedroom, where they found me fast asleep, sat on the edge of my bed and played me awake. There is nothing better than a saxaphone to ruffle the hair of a savage beast and to enrage him when he is sleeping. I could have killed them there and then."

As Castlereagh stopped to puff on his cigarette, his wife continued for him.

"There were plenty of times when I could have used a club on Ed myself. One day he dropped in suddenly to see Cass who wasn't home at the time. He flopped on the sofa quite at home already. 'Can't stay a minute. Cass got any cigarettes around here? . . . . Thanks!'

"I told him that Cass was playing a matinee and that he might have time to come home for supper before the evening performance and he might not.

"He said, 'Oh, I guess I can wait around. Mind if I stretch out here for awhile?'

"One might venture to refuse something to Ed if he didn't always carry out his intentions before one could open one's mouth. So he stretched out.

"It was a little difficult to do my housework around his slumbering body and to have supper without waking him, but I dare say it wasn't because I tried. When I was ready to go to bed he was still snoozing. I shut my door and went to bed. When Cass came home at twelve o'clock, tired and weary from a long day, Ed was awake and refreshed from his long sleep and ready to spend the remainder of the morning visiting with Cass. Sometimes I wish Cass wouldn't be so hospitable. I turned and tossed, not able to sleep; the muffled voices succeeded in keeping me awake. And the rattling of dishes in the kitchen after a low voice had said, 'My stomach's kinda empty, Cass, how about yours?'

"The next day I received two dozen roses and a corsage from Ed to pacify me. I would still like to know what he must have had to pawn to buy such beautiful flowers. I suppose a couple of music stands and a flute did the job."

Mrs. Castlereagh was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Excuse me a minute."

Upon opening the door, she saw standing upon the welcome mat a tall skinny man, gaunt as death. His long face was dark and unshaven. His thin clothing showed much wear and tear and at the end of a frayed sleeve, in a tightly clutched hand, was a flute case.

"Hi ya, Jeanie!" And he grasped her hand warmly.

"Why, it isn't, . . . Yes . . . It's Ed! Come on in out of the cold. Guess who everybody?"

Ed walked in trying to appear light and gay. His old friends looked at him, amazed at his appearing at this time. They pretended not to notice his deathly pallor and his apparent destitution. How gray and old he looked. Yet a spark of delight gleamed in his eyes upon seeing his friends.

"Speak of the devil," someone said.

Cass sat Ed down beside him. "Tell us about everything. We haven't seen you for so long. Here, have a cigarette."

"Thanks, Cass. Well to tell you the truth, I came all the way just to see you fellas again. But don't get me wrong. Everything was swell out there in California. Had a wonderful job. But I got homesick. Just think, six long years away from home . . . Hey, Jeanie, how about giving me a little piano!", he said, avoiding the questions he saw coming his way.

With Ed standing above her and the others gathered around, Mrs. Castlereagh ran through Ravel's "Pavanne," a piece she knew Ed would like. Unnoticed by her Ed began to sway back and forth, dizzily. Then suddenly he fell in a heap at the side of the piano. Every one jumped up and ran to him. He was lifted upon the sofa.

The Doctor was called and came quickly. After he had examined Ed, he announced to the anxious friends, "He's suffering from an extreme case of malnutrition. As a matter of fact, I think it was a miracle that he got here at all in his condition. He must have a powerful will."

Castlereagh smiled at the Doctor, "He is an artist."

Baguio

FREDERIC A. GRONAU

Being operations officer in a medical supply depot in the Philippines was one job I thoroughly enjoyed, for it kept me very busy keeping a check on all the depot's operating activities. In order to do this, I had to make frequent visits to all parts of the installation to see first hand how the work was progressing. It was during one of these trips that our civilian chief storekeeper, Manual Picardo, stopped me, pointed to the sky and said, "Baguio." I looked up at the sky and noticing nothing distinctly different about it, I asked him what he meant by "Baguio." He said, "Typhoon, Sir, typhoon." When I asked him why he thought we would have a typhoon, he insisted he could tell by the faint clay color in the clouds. It was only then that I, too, noticed this peculiar color. However, it was a nice sunny day and being a typical "know it all" American, I was not particularly impressed by Manual's prediction. But, knowing his deep sense of pride, I told him that the air corps would notify us if there was really a storm brewing. This incident happened around nine o'clock in the morning; I had forgotten about it a short time later.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day that our switchboard operator brought me a message from higher headquarters that a typhoon of mild but increasing intensity was located approximately three hundred miles east, at approximately fifteen degrees north latitude and was advancing at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. In other words, if that typhoon did not change its course, it would hit Base K in approximately twenty hours. I then suddenly realized that perhaps Manual knew a little more about the weather than I cared to admit.

Later he told me these typhoons originate along the east coast of China in the area around Tonquin, and as far north as Ningpo, in the vicinity of Formosa, Luzon, and islands immediately south. There are many theories as to why the geographic conditions of this area induce these destructive wind forces, but the definite facts are not known. The most favorable typhoon weather exists from May to November and they occur most frequently in July, August and September; however, they have been recorded in every month of the year except February.1

I knew none of these facts and very little else about these dreaded typhoons before receiving that message. The telephone operator notified each section in our depot. We had not been caught off guard as just a month before we had assigned our two hundred and fifty Jap prisoners to the task of "typhoon conditioning" our installation. Every other warehouse brace in all our five warehouses and headquarters building had been anchored to the ground with a double strand of number ten wire, and a "dead man" buried three feet in the ground to hold these wires. A similar method was used to tie down all tarpaulins in our open storage area. I noticed, too, that they had recently completed tying down all the tin roofs with the aid of number fourteen wire and bamboo. As I glanced about wondering if we had done all we could, I can remember how my pulse quickened when I thought of what might happen if a piece of roofing three

1"Typhoon," *Enc. Am.* 1943 ed.

feet by nine feet would be ripped off by the fierce wind and come hurling at me. And, my thought immediately recalled how easily a bulldozer, working in our area, had pushed over some palm trees, and I wondered if the wind could not do the same.

I knew that every one in the depot was taking preliminary measures. Braces were being tightened, drainage ditches were checked, rain curtains on all buildings were being lowered and secured, and windshields on trucks were being removed. In the offices, the records were placed in water proof chests, and desks were pushed against the wall. After the depot itself was made ready, the men would return to the detachment area, place all their possessions in their duffle bag and strap it to the top of their bed. They would then nail down the sides of their tents and report back to their regular place of duty. Every man knew what he was expected to do and I knew the best thing I could do until they were ready to have their area checked was to keep out of their way.

At the end of two hours, the sections started to call into depot headquarters stating they were ready to be inspected. As I checked each area, I was amazed at what a thorough job the men had done. It seemed their chief concern was that the typhoon might possibly miss us. They were anxious to see just how effective their precautions would be.

The radio kept broadcasting the progress of the storm and by nine o'clock the next morning we were certain that the men weren't going to be disappointed for we had a typical typhoon coming straight at us. It was proceeding from east northeast to west southwest and as do all storms in the Northern Hemisphere; due to the rotation of the earth, it was whirling in a counterclockwise direction. We knew it could travel from five hundred to seven hundred miles and we were only three hundred miles from its origin.

None of us seemed to know the exact physical makeup of a typhoon; however, Manual had attended meteorological classes at the Far Eastern University at Manila and he explained it to us. He said that a typhoon is a mass of whirling wind gaining a width of from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles. The rotation is in circles not returning on themselves, nor opening outward by their centrifugal motion, but tending to blow somewhat inward upon the low pressure area that is confined to the center of the typhoon. It is this fluctuation of barometric pressure in the center that gives it is destructive energy. As the barometric pressure is lower in the center, the wind swirl thus gives cause for the ocean to rise and accounts for a tidal wave that forms and accompanies the typhoon. The intensity is also increased by the large quantity of heat released in the condensation of the vapor of the atmosphere into a deluge of rain which falls during the storm, as from ten to twelve inches frequently fall in one day.2

And when it started to rain it really came down. The rice paddy adjacent to our detachment area rose two feet during one hour. As I watched the water rise, I noticed hundreds of bright and shiny objects bobbing in the water. They had me puzzled for sometime until approximately thirty minutes later I finally recognized them as empty beer cans. It did not take a genius to figure out how they got there as I noticed that the distance from the edge of our detachment area to the middle of the rice paddy was about as far as from home plate to second base.

Then the wind started to blow and things began to happen. The first tree to go

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2*Ibid.*

down had all the wires leading from our diesel generators to the warehouses nailed to it. It missed the blood and biological refridgerators as it came down, but hit the oxygen cylinder platform and immediately two thousand oxygen cylinders started to fall over. I prayed that the protective cap over each cylinder would hold, for if one broke it would send a cylinder across the ground like a torpedo. However, they all held, but I'll never forget the noise they made.

Sheets of tin started blowing off the No. 2 warehouse, but we could not see where they went for they seemed to go straight up. We found only one piece of the tin later. Some of the large tarpaulins in the open storage area took off like big birds, but we recovered most of them later.

After the wind died down and as each section sent in a report of its damage, we found that the total extent of the damage included two tents down in the detachment area, the main power line to the warehouses was down, No. 2 warehouse had lost half its roof, and twenty-five per cent of the tarpaulins in the open storage area were off or partally off the stocks; the oxygen cylinder platform was also destroyed. I then realized what a constant menace the typhoon is to the livehood of the people living in this area and wondered how they retain their patience to build and rebuild time after time. There have been as many as four hundred and forty-one typhoons in the Philippine area in one ten year period.3

The next day, the sun came out and things gradually returned to normal, that is the water went down taking the beer cans (a threat to our reputation) down into the high grass, and the tarpaulins were recovered and the wire restrung. The men even admitted that one typhoon was enough for them. I didn't feel really normal until I heard a voice say, "It looks like we'll have a beautiful day, doesn't it, Sir?" I turned around and smiled as I said, "If you say so, Manual, if you say so."

3J. Algue, *The Cyclones of the Far East*, (place and date of publication unknown), p. 86.

The Lost Children

ALLYN WOOD

The children passed Mrs. Sibling's window as she was having supper. The corner lamp had just gone on, and no one had passed on the street for a long while. They straggled across the window, which she faced like a companion across table; one family, she thought, poor and dignified —for Mrs. Sibling, although retired, never would cease to be a social worker—all different sizes, of whom first one and then another took the lead in a pseudopodic motion from the mass, only to draw in uncertainly. They progressed as slowly as the littlest boy who dragged his feet and was growing chilly in his sun suit. Reaching the corner lamp, they stood swaying under it, looking up at the street sign. Then they turned back.

Mrs. Sibling rose, overcoming the momentary hesitation which always interposed—not from lack of courage, but because her indomitable spirit needing room for action had to trespass into the affairs of others.

"Children!" she demanded from the porch. They stopped. "Are you lost?"

They stood together staring. From the mass one indistinguishable said,

"We were going home through the dusty place where the houses are being torn down; and we stopped to play, until it grew dustier and dustier and then dark, and we were nowhere that we knew."

She remembered a housing project, meant to bring new material comfort to poverty, which had been progressing for some time. "Where do your parents live?" They were silent. "On what street do you live?" asked Mrs. Sibling in a gently squeezing tone.

"Earth Street," the children said. A night wind stirred.

Mrs. Sibling returned for her coat and purse and a handful of cookies. Picking up the littlest boy and wrapping him in a fold, she began to walk, the others silently clinging like shavings to a magnet. Earth Street was far across the city: she knew it, although she would ask the way of bus and trolley drivers. Along the street screen doors were opening. Porch swings like pendulums began to move. She answered familiar Good evenings with reserve, feeling rhythmic, efficient. A bus stopped. She maneuvered the children in, and after a while they transferred to a trolley. The younger children had solidified into apathy, neither asleep nor awake; the older stared out of solemn eyes. She asked a few questions about their home, but they seemed not to understand. Poor things! thought Mrs. Sibling; how short memory is, in the child mind. Home in a day had become impersonal—as they sat there holding cookies which they did not eat, almost unnecessary. Yet was it natural? She was aroused to consider their cleanliness and that their buttons were on, and that they appeared well fed.

It was time to walk.

At the end of the line, Earth Street stretched before them, wide, unpaved, utterly dark. But now the stars descended —had they ever come so close?—and the dry summer wind blew day and night against their cheeks. She breathed the odor of vegetables growing and heard rustle of corn leaves behind the houses. They brought back her life. Working among the poor, in the midst of the city,

had been like country vacations when one rests by cultivating the garden vigorously. The people were like vegetables—corn and squashes, from hardships or a combination of hardship and contentment, the men like corn, their wives squashes. She had asked questions of them, and recorded their replies hesitant with confusion and new shame-in-their-existence which she (with the other welfare workers) brought before the milk, blankets, and soap. She remembered how, when they had forgotten or absorbed their shame, they received their benefits with the dignity of vegetables receiving rain.

The littlest boy slept under Mrs. Sibling's coat. She brought greater gifts. And they, the gifts, were to be given home. She led her caravan saying, "Remember, you are leading me." They began to look about, and presently a light, almost like moonlight and flowing forth from the window of a cottage drew the children and they advanced refreshed. At the door they crowded vaguely. Mrs. Sibling knocked. From the depths of someone a voice replied, "Come in."

She stood in the doorway in the light which had opened with the door. Before her, out of the cultivated-field patches of a quilt, an old man sat upright in bed. The children filed past her, murmuring "Grandfather!" and she was alone with him, still holding the youngest, asleep. She laid him like an offering at the foot of the bed; then drew herself up, with a ripple of excitement, a ripple of calm, and a demanding look. When she explained what had happened, the grandfather appeared unaffected. That he had put a light in the window sufficed.

"Their parents?" asked Mrs. Sibling.

"Their parents quarrel," he said. "They are only children themselves. They go and they return. They are working on the housing project."

Mrs. Sibling met the dull mineral lustre of his eyes across the quilt. She thought that everything had been explained: then she was unsure: she felt a radiation of sun-warmed pebbles.

"You take good care of the children!" she exclaimed. They were too young, perhaps, to understand and appreciate him—nor did she quite, herself. He sat motionless, waiting, but she had no question, nothing to tell him. She turned to go, and as she closed the door, thought she heard him thank her for their return, yet it might have been her own satisfaction. She glanced behind the house to see if there were a garden. At the end of the plot, beyond a low fence, hung a row of lanterns suffusing the vegetables lividly, and, on the farther side, illuminating bases of great refuse piles. The untended lights flamed and extended, flickered, and drew in to flame again. Mrs. Sibling was surprised. She had not imagined the project so close! Indeed, she felt engulfed by it and lost, and that it was endlessly extensive and advancing toward her, making great heaps of the houses but building nothing—even as she wondered how the children so near to home had strayed.

Trilogy

MARY ALICE KESSLER

I

TO MAN

The curtain rose with a threatening, quiet swish,
Like the brush of a dove's wing on a whitened face,
And dullard drums were married to the heart
In softly steady beat of skin near skin.
The stage lay gray and barren to the eye
And in the center sat two gray-faced youths,
Like smooth-hewn rocks in parody of age.
Their new-born eyes were damp with mute confusion
And their beardless cheeks were traced with twitching eddies
Of tangible nerves (the sea melting the rock).
Now, like violin strands from the depths of a cave,
Their voices rose in muted cadence, sank,
And lay in brave, monotonous pools of words.
"Are we the voices in this pithy jungle?
Are we the dizzy sound in Time's plugged ears?
Are we the throttled pulse in proud men's necks?
Are we the rib made flesh and pain and fear?
Are we the meaning of a dream, a speck
Of dust extended to a star's cold frost?
They call us egocentric tongues and men
With frightened souls, pale bovine minds, confused,
Inhibited herds prodded by steel whips
That shine in the night with a mocking, latent frenzy,
Waiters who thirst in a sea of smothering flotsam
For clean coolness in our parched souls.
Ah, listen to the jagged, screaming notes
Of boogie, hear the strangled cornets moan,
Taste the bitter liquor in a darkened
Room, and squint to watch the neon paths,
Inflate your nostrils with the stench of frightened,
Angry men and rivers clogged with blood,
Oh, feel the glorious push of a stagnant age!
We have sown, we watch, and the hand of the Reaper trembles."

II

TO NATURE

The curtain rose like a billowing cloud in the wind,
And the high-flung roar of November nights and the bang
Of a loosened cottage shutter, the raveling sea
Seemed to crash upon the trembling pastoral stage
And toss the gray-faced youths on a crest of black
Into the ecstasy of intangible stir.
They gazed with awe-swollen mouths at the power of the scene
And pulled their young, smooth necks with a passionate jerk
To sing valiant songs to the ruffled cliffs.
"You will blow our dreams to ashes with the dawn,
But we cannot remember seething nerves
Or shallow promises made with blood and wine;

There are no human horns or blistered cries,
But only two men fastened to a hill.
We cannot hear our words above this wind,
Yet we can hear a symphony of sounds and flecks
Of subtle whispers in the groaning hills,
The mystic brush of weeds and rub of sand,
A hollow gull cry, the breaking stem of phlox,
A thorn-scratched leaf, a fawn's hoof in the lake,
All the sounds submerged beneath the stratumed
Layers of wind and waves and painted night.
Crimson poppy tissue, clean, cold moon
And tangled waves of fern beneath the roar,
Push away the memories and empty
The mind of glare and brass and floating rocks,
Let us forget our postponed dreams, the grooves
Of blest normality and sleep-filled nights;
We'll take the flower, a handful of the sea,
A moment, like a raindrop on the clay.
Oh, stallion night, trample down desire,
And the hand of the Reaper will sleep on the broken scythe."

III

TO GOD

The curtain dropped away like the mist in the sun
And the stage was warm with a shimmering, gold light,
A silence — a silence of the quivering harp string,
The becalmed sea, the canyon of shapeless night
Lay on the youths and their faces were warmed and still.
They stood in the quiet, golden light and watched,
Their eyes hard-closed as if they saw a perfect
Patch of calm and tone on each closed lid.
Their voices litanized the beaded words,
A soothing raptness etherized their rock-filled pride
As two men sank into the golden light.
"Our voices *are* the voices from a jungle,
But what tossed repartee, what hills of intellect
Can hope to cut the maze away and free
The vast but single soul of man,
When everything means nothing and compasses are steel,
And coins and towers and flesh (all melted steel),
Rise to strangle decency and peace?
Oh my God, we are not lost, we have forgotten,
We have lain before idols who have woven mats of lust
In our weary minds, and now we stand and see
That jungles are uprooted and idols ground to dust
When men feel golden light upon their faces,
And know the strength of walking through the halls
Of pain and fear to reach a destiny
Of understanding the power of a flake of snow,
Of moving lips made noble with the dust,
Of scattering seeds of humble loneliness,
Of watching pregnant fields beneath the clouds,
Of placing calloused hands upon the scythe,
And gathering the grains of golden light
To the breast of the solemn, watchful, eternal Reaper."

Poetry---A Necessary Evil?

GEORGE W. COFFIN

After struggling with and against Chaucer the other night I'm inclined to raise my voice in loud and lusty agreement, that the study of poetry is difficult. Confound it, at times it seems nearly impossible! There have been nights when I have battled so with evasive symbolism or grasped vainly at some flowery, ethereal imagery, that I have been tempted to rationalize my way out of the whole situation. "Hell, Doc, you can't let this crazy thing drive you nuts. Besides, it's just not worth it. Poetry isn't of any use to you anyway!" Brother, I know just how you feel! But the University requires a certain amount of English Literature before you can scamper cheerfully from the University College into the college of your choice. English Literature includes poetry and there must be some reason behind it. Now I don't pretend to know all the answers on this academic system, but here are a few of my own ideas. I'm going to try to show you how you can practically get an "A. B." background by poetry alone.

In the first place, if any one guy has to be able to express himself, do it quickly, in the fewest, well chosen words, and do it under pressure of difficult literary situations, the fall guy is always the poet. Some of the best concise literary expression has been recorded in verse. The meaning is there if you will just struggle a little to find it. And it stands to reason that you'll absorb a certain amount of this ability for self-expression by reading it or being exposed to it in class. No one could read Wordsworth's *Michael* without agreeing that the picture he created is one of the most vivid ever put into writing. These poets have terrific vocabularies, too. They must get just the right meaning along with meter, rhyme, and rhythm and they can't do it with a four-letter word vocabulary. You're going to pick up quite a few new words as you read this stuff. Sure, you'll have to crack Webster once in a while, but you didn't really expect to breeze through college without books and study, did you?

A big vocabulary and self-expression aren't all you'll get. Some of the best philosophical thought in the world has been recorded as poetry. Plato, Socrates, Kant, and Schopenhauer aren't the only men in the field of philosophical thought. Try reading *Rabbi Ben Ezra* by Browning for inspirations of hope and action; if you're the confirmed cynic, then you'll want to read Swinburne's *Garden of Proserpine*. There is probably one of these poets that agrees completely with your own thoughts on life and living; the only way to find out is to read some of it and see. Poets use really good character studies and through them you get a nice background of psychology too. Of course no one can top the "Old Bard," Shakespeare, when it comes to psychological character studies, but there are others to consider too. Oscar Wilde, in his *Ballad of Reading Goal*, gives a wonderful insight into the mind of a man condemned to die on the gallows; you can't very well call yourself broadminded until you have read it. It's amazing what an insight you'll be able to develop for yourself just by reading another guy's opinion; you're going to become something of a philosopher and psychologist yourself. These poets must have known what they were talking about or someone would have thrown the books away years ago. But whether you agree

with them or not, you will begin to think and that's important!

You're a literary genius, a philosopher, and a psychologist now and that still isn't all. Tell you what I'm gonna' do; I'll give you a painless course in history. You know there's a lot that happens in this old world that is really important but just doesn't find its way into history books. Some of it wouldn't look quite right in text books and it certainly wouldn't look the same all draped in the robes of academic language anyway. Now these poets didn't have such qualms of conscience when they wrote. They put down what they saw and put it down just as it appeared to them. You can get a lot of extra pointers on how people lived years and years ago by seeing it through the eyes of a poet. If it weren't for Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* we would have lost almost the entire picture of that particular period in English history. Some poetic history is just like a novel.

In a lot of this historical writing you'll get adventure and romance. Now that's a touchy spot, isn't it? About all anyone has to do is give a jab at romance and, bub, you're off like a respectable bat-out-of-hell. None of that stuff for you! That's my reaction too when it comes my way in class, but there is an angle to consider here. Romance isn't all mush or bedroom situations either for that matter. A story of adventure is a romance; if you like adventure, Jack, you're stuck, because you like romance whether you know it or not. All right, you can read a book about it. You can *if* you can find the time and *if* the story has been conveniently written in prose. But to save time and latch onto some stories you've probably never heard, try some of the romantic poets. The Arthurian Legends have all been treated in poetry and make really good reading. If this period appeals to you, you might try Spenser's *Faerie Queene* for the background of King Arthur himself. Of course there is a lot of symbolism to understand, but you won't struggle without some profit. And don't laugh at the guy who just writes about beauty either. If you look into it closely he may be talking about something that you enjoy to. Of course his words may be a little different, but none of us talk exactly alike anyway. Maybe you think you could say it better yourself. Son, if you can then you're a poet yourself and I've just been wasting my time. But if you aren't a poet, and most of us admittedly aren't, try reading poetry. Learn to read it correctly. Read through it for the feeling first and then go back over it slowly for the exact meaning. If you do it this way you'll be surprised just how much you can get out of it and how much easier it will be. You're required to have poetry and you might just as well get all the benefits out of it. You wouldn't buy a white shirt these days and then go out leaving it on the counter, would you? Well, don't buy a course in English Literature and go out leaving expression, philosophy, psychology, history and romance lying undigested in that text book. Dig in and get it even if it does mean a little work.

Midnight Adventure

WILLIAM LIEBER

We had drawn a secret mission. This was to be our trial by a jury of German night-fighters, searchlights, and flak-guns.

The briefing room was empty at 7:00, much to our surprise, we were to be the only crew sent out that night. The briefing officer gave us all the information necessary for the flight. Take-off time, time in flight, target, target time, and compass heading to and from, bombing elevation, all of this was written down in our pilot's notebook.

At last we went to the ship. I checked the bombload and ran through my bombsight. The pilot was working his pedals and instruments. All the crew were checking and double checking their guns and equipment around their positions, for a B-17 is one ship that should be put through its paces before the engines start. Everything completed, we were ready to go on this secret mission.

At 9:05 we were in the air with our nose east and the dark English countryside moving west. The Kiel Canal in the northern heart of Germany was our heavily defended target. All the way over the North Sea I visualized night-fighters and search-lights coming up to pick us out of the sky like an egg from its nest. Nothing happened.

At 10:30 John, our navigator, called corrections over the inter-phones. At 10:50 Charlie, our radio-operator called to tell me that he had picked up German radar signals and was drowning them out as fast as he could. Our lower turret-operator kept his eye opened as he swung his turret slowly around and around.

At 11:00, the navigator told us to put on our flak-suits. We were now over Germany and in enemy territory. No oxygen needed this time, for we were flying low for protection against all those things that we knew the Germans were going to use.

We heard John's voice over the inter-phone telling that the Kiel Canal was fifteen minutes away. Suddenly one light came up, then another, then two more, all trying to track us down. So far, these light were behind us. No fighters yet.

At 11:50 I began working my bomb-sight to see that every thing was all right. All the data on elevation of the target, airspeed of the ship, bombing altitude, and type of bombs to be used, was set in the sight.

John told us five minutes to go and still the search-lights and no fighters.

Flak bursts started when I saw my target, the western locks of the Kiel Canal. The ship rocked from the bursts, but Bill kept it on its course. Sighting, checking my angles, watching the drift of the ship and correcting for it, trying to keep the ship level, and listening to the awful sounds of the shells bursting around us, had me worked up to a near frenzy. I threw the lever that opened the bomb-bay doors and checked my sight once again.

After what seemed hours, the two four thousand pound bombs fell, and I watched them fall through the turmoil of smoke and light.

At four minutes after midnight a large jagged hole took the place of the Kiel Canal, and our midnight misison was over in a fiery climax.

Cognac

EDWARD J. FLYNN

Flying back from Renner, France, I was holding a new package I had not taken over with me the week before. This package, unlike those I had carried many times before, was anything else but official classified documents, and I was quite pleased with the fact that it was. The Army frowns on special messengers, carrying code and cipher material, who carry anything else but specified items. However, I felt sure there would be little said if I were caught with my new addition to the books and papers I had with me.

When I boarded the plane the pilot looked at me questioningly for a moment, smiled, and went forward to the controls; and we were off leaving the ground below us. At first I thought he might tell me I could not bring my little package with me. I knew the regulations forbid it, and he would have the right to make me leave it behind; but I was willing to take that chance. He certainly understood for he said nothing.

As we rolled to the edge of the apron, nearing a stop, I was thinking how good I felt about everything going so smoothly. Getting out of the plane, we noticed a jeep speeding toward us. This wasn't unusual so I pushed my package a little further up under my arm and waited for what seemed a ride back to the control tower. The jeep pulled up; and as the Major got out, we all stood at attention and passed him a half-dozen salutes or more. He walked up to the pilot of the plane and began talking to him. Looking back toward the package I was holding he must have felt sure a few words with me were necessary.

"You should know better," he said.

I wasn't quite sure whether I should or not, but agreeing with him seemed to me, would ease the situation, so I did. After relating to me a few of the other things he thought I should know, I was also obliged to listen to a five-minute discourse on Army regulations. However he said nothing about the package so I felt free in keeping it.

When I was at last under the roof, that did little more than shelter us from the wind and rain, I set my package on the floor. The feeling of triumph surged through me at a job well done, and I admired my friend more with every look. Then as if to show his approval my package jumped up into my lap and made a series of tail wagging gestures.

At this point some of my friends walked in and joined in the admiration of my bright new bundle. The problem of what to call it came up for discussion. You cannot go around calling a cocker spaniel a "package," for the rest of his life, so we began to give it serious thought. Here before us sat a golden chestnut bundle of fur, who wished to join our "little family," but not without a name. After a long period of silence one of the boys who had been in the Control Tower when we came in spoke, "Why don't you call him 'Cognac?' "

"Why?" I asked.

Then he told us about being in the tower when the Major came back from the plane and told the Colonel they could have their party tonight. Our pilot had brought back a whole case of Cognac. So we called him "Cognac," and he approved. For like that rich fine brandy he warmed us many times over the loyalty and companionship.

A Wandering Essay

By a Deranged Mind on a Preplexing Problem of His Mental Health

or

Is the Principle Symptom of Talking to Yourself a Sure Sign That You Will Soon End Up in a Nice Quiet Rest Home?

Robert Lee Howell

NOTE: All STUDENTS are asked to read this esay as a requisite of English Composition 102 b. Thank you! Signed the English Department, Butler University, May 2, 1946.

DEDICATION

DEDICATED TO ALL PEOPLE WHO WOULD LOVE TO VISIT A NICE QUIET REST INSTITUTION

THE PROLOGUE

Great men do funny things; and since I am not great and yet do funny things, I owe the readers of my bored reading audience an explanation of the principle symptom of a disordered mind. What observations and experiments that I have made in regard to insanity have been made on my own body. Therefore I rest as a final authority on any mental problem that has ever come into existence.

THE MONOLOGUE

A friend of mine called Ralph Waldo comes so close to quoting one of my philosophical views of life — "To be great is to be misunderstood" — that I once had and still have a mind to sue him for plagiarism; but since he is always giving me another idea or two for writing something that never amounts to anything, I doubt if I'll ever press charges against him. He has a warm spot in my heart; he turns out good essays and I get all the criticism for trying to translate his scholarly works.

NOTE: There is a transition in thought here.

Boy! It was a great night to be alive. I had just finished my work at the cafeteria and started homeward.

NOTE: There is a transition in thought here.

Butler after dark, even though there are a few street-lights sprinkled on corners where the least amount of human traffic is likely to pass, is a wonderful place to do what is the most unusual or funniest thing that you have ever wanted to do. This excludes speeding a car across the vacant lot, necking — necking — N. Arch. a. Any small molding near the top of a column. See IONIC, Ilust. b. A g o r g e r i n, WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY, Fifth Edition, G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A., 1945. — wrestling matches, and the like. Naturally you will pick many things that I would never consider, but remember Emerson my friend gave me the idea that the funniest thing that would ever happen to me would come about when I was completely alone. God bless his heart; he was right.

NOTE: THERE is a transition in thought here.

I had just gathered the loose ends of my trailing arms and legs together and started across the campus when I decided that I would have a little talk with myself.

Yes, I'm Napoleon Bonaparte! What does that signify? Now when I talk to myself, as I realize I am doing as I write this Emersonian essay, (I apology to Ralph for using his name in the prescribed manner of this work.) I talk out loud. I mean that I don't just let my thoughts run through my head and imagine that I am talking to myself. But truly I move my lips, hear my voice, and communicate my thoughts to the Invisible or to the Nothing.

What did I think about? Oh! "Since the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," I think about anything and everything that happens to pop into my mind. True my mind doesn't amount to much, but since God decided that I needed something between my roof and my protruding awnings to keep the water from effecting my entire nervous system and soft brain I accepted his gift graciously and attempt at least once annually to clean off the roof, that is by getting a hair-cut and washing what the barber left intact, and to remove all rubbish and dirt that might perchance fall on the inside and outside of the awnings. Don't tell me you don't know what the awnings are? They must be a figure of speech that all great writers use and that all readers do not understand. Really, God truly knew how to build a house when he made the "little two-legged joker."

NOTE: There is a transition in thought here. Will someone please tell me when I can stop this?

The art of soliloquy is so very broad that any of the thoughts that come into your mind is a good topic for you to discuss with yourself. Why there's Hamlet as he thinks about it all — "To be or not to be, that is the question." — You can talk it over with yourself and decide whether it is better to exist or to stop existing by ending it all, as I will probably do after I receive a grade from a sane teacher. So what, insanity is a sure sign of genius. Or you can be like the egotistical husband in MY LAST DUCHESS who shows his authority and received results. If you would like to be as he is pictured in this psychological monologue, talk it over with yourself and decide if you've got what it takes. Or still if you are of a philosophical and intellectual nature why digress at great length with yourself about THE AUTOCRAT AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Perchance you are like my literary friend Oliver Wendell who feels free to talk to himself while sitting at a breakfast-table munching his toast and drinking his coffee. To be sure he's a model gentleman full of common sense and wit. The only thing I would like to hear is what he would say if he came to the breakfast table with a white suit and spilled coffee on it. Or to top it all off you might like to rehearse the events of a good mystery story to your ever ready mind and feel free to hear Macbeth soliloquize — "Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand?" — Grasping your imagination you might hear the doomed figure shout and mourn his loss — Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow." — All of these are wonderful scenes to stir your imagination and make you enjoy talking to your own self.

There are only two regulations that a soliloquacious person must observe: never be caught talking to yourself for the person who might witness this strange mannerism of yours could be a dean of a REST HOME. The other regulation is that the soliloquy allows an individual his complete and unbound imagination to rove the wide earth and come back seeking more.

NOTE: *Ibid, ditto, op. cit.,* or what you will.

I had spent twenty-minutes in walking nine blocks and what had I accomplished by all of it? Enough ideas of hearing myself talk to pen this essay concerning light, trivial things. Wearily, I wrote the essay and turned in.

Conception Of Existence

ROBERT W. MCKEAND

The sudden realization that life is cheap and is used to accomplish an end serves as an awakening force within us and causes us to change our entire conception of man's existence. The world lives in a fantasy of material enjoyment until its delusion explodes in bitter experience.

It was just such an experience that the world went through some four years ago. A peaceful Sunday morning in a land of tranquillity, leisure, and contentment was a typical example of the smug life we lived. It was unreasonable for anyone to believe that an end would come to our way of life so suddenly, so disastrously. Yet, as we all know today, it was such a morning, so short-lived, that a calamitous attack by the ruthless planes of a barbarous government changed into a morning of hell, a hell more realistic than any of us had ever dreamed of, a hell in which there was nothing to do but suffer until the end of endurance, and then suffer more with no chance of fighting back. Dive bombers sent our air fields into a chaos of helplessness, destruction, and death. Planes with a ball of fire emblazoned on each wing soared across those once quiet waters to loose their death-bearing fish at mighty battleship row. They pounded into the heart of the *Oklahoma*, and with each onslaught she shuddered, belched flame, and listed more. Four — five — six — would they never stop? A freak shell went down the stack of the *Arizona*, and she burned for hours in the thick rolling flames of an oil fire, as she rested in her grave. It was the same with the others. Some settled or sank where they lay; others were stopped as they attempted to escape, but they all gave in.

And the men, the men who a moment before were full of being, confident of today, not worrying about tomorrow, what did they die for? The lucky ones—the men whose lives were snuffed out without their even knowing what happened—did they die for America? Can a man die for a cause which he is unaware of fighting for? And the unlucky ones—those who struggled with their last gasp to swim under the burning oil to safety, but who perished in the ever consuming fire—did they forfeit their lives so that democracy might live? We can not find an answer, not one that will satisfy man's set of values which covets life as the most precious of all things.

To see men only physically, as lifeless, desecrated victims of the material world is to see life as an existence which has no meaning within itself, for life in a physical sense is merely the life of our bodies. And can anything so complicated, intricate, technically complete as the human body, yet so easily destroyed, be the only meaning of our whole life? If the body is such a beautiful example of God's creation, then how much more beautiful, more perfect

must be the soul, which He created for eternity. Here we may find the motive for our existence. It is only upon our realization that the soul is the worthwhile and immortal portion of our makeup that life unfolds to us its true meaning and value. We then begin dimly to conceive God's justice in sacrificing the human body for the immortal soul. We understand why the body can be expendable, in comparison to the soul, as the finger can be expendable to the arm. We lose our mortal and ephemeral conception of life. Time becomes unimportant because we live for an eternity, not for the short life-span of the body. We establish a new, a truer motivation. Our earth-bound life is spent in an effort to make our souls worthy of eternity.

Night Battle

ROBERT SIMMS

A battle that was fought continuously in the Pacific Islands was the one with those adorable creatures of nature, land crabs and mosquitoes. It seemed as if the crab family was an inquisitive race that insisted on inspecting and investigating the human body and his habitat. Night was the time they came out to frolic and to paint the beaches red. One night, they carried out a plan to use me and my blankets as a ballroom. They began arriving in droves, lifting my netting and strolling nonchalantly across my body. By violent heaving, turning, and other bedroom gymnastics, I managed to toss them aside, but back they would come in full force. I finally decided that they just liked tough dance-halls, for the harder I tried to "bounce" them, the more they enjoyed it. It was right after an old square dance, I remember, when some old crab turned the affair into a military ball by presenting a demonstration of air-might to his cohorts. By tearing a hole in my netting with his claw, he invited all the mosquitoes on Guadalcanal to come in and show their powers in manueverability and dive bombing tactics. This luckless person was the target for tonight. I could hear them drone overhead and then peel off in smooth performance to attack my face. I covered up with my blankets, making an improvised bomb shelter, until I began to smother. Enraged, I leaped to my feet, tore my bed apart, grabbed a stick and beat the ground and general atmosphere. I then settled down in comparative peace and went to sleep. All was quiet on the Welted Front.

Jeronimo

WALTER HICKS

Besides being my favorite pet, Jeronimo could also be classified as my "most unforgettable character." He was a part of my life for a relatively short period of time, considering the life span of man; but so many events occurred in that year that it seemed much longer.

Jeronimo came as a complete surprise to me. His father and mother were snow white, as were his previous brothers and sisters, but not Jeronimo.

Having expected the stork during the night, I rushed to the basement the first thing the following morning to see how many mouths I had to feed. From first appearances I had a healthy litter of five on my hands. On closer observation it flashed across my brain that there was something wrong. I look again — more closely this time and there, curled up and fast asleep, was a spotted rat.

All through his infancy Jeronimo was my favorite, although I tried not to show any partiality. While I was teaching this young generation to crawl up one arm and down the other, Jeronimo took a short cut down my back and into my right coat pocket where he promptly went to sleep. This show of intelligence touched me deeply, and I immediately resolved to give him private tutoring, so I let him stay in my pocket. Except during school hours, we were inseparable. Everyday I took great pains in preparing his ground corn, greens, cheese, and vitamin capsule to insure his perfect health.

Having made my right hand pocket his home, I became so used to his tense weight I often forgot for hours at a time that he was there. These were the times when he would usually stick his nose curiously over the top of my pocket to see what the people of the immediate vicinity were doing at this particular time. Of course there would always be some timid, unsuspecting females in the vicinity who were partial to rats sticking their heads out of people's pockets; and would give forth with a hideous shriek or scream. This, of course, amused me no end and it was not long before the femal population of my unappreciative town voted me the individual with the most distorted sense of humor.

In spite of Jeronimo's untactful habit of scaring people he was very intelligent. He always awakened at mealtime, would never indulge in more than two drops of brandy a day, nor made his presence known when a dog or cat were near. I taught him to avoid traps of various natures — also to steal cheese from my mother's pantry when she was in another part of the house.

Jeronimo's death still remains a mystery to me. One evening he was happily scaring people to his heart's content and the next morning he was very much dead in his little box on my dresser. He was given the best funeral possible. I dressed him in cheese cloth and buried him in a casket made from a cheese box. Services were conducted by his very good friend, the future Reverend "Gooch" Van Alstine while another admirer, "Dunce" Verner played taps.

Many ardent friends, admirers, and yes even enemies sent flowers because Jeronimo had become a well known character in the city of Algona.

Stalag XI B

LOREN D. MELLENDORF

Stalag XI B was a prisoner of war camp used by the Germans during the war. It was not like the prison camps such as Buchenwald, which held political prisoners, but was one like the many others located throughout Germany. These camps contained prisoners from other armies, such as Indians, Czechs, Poles, British, French, Russian, and American. The troops captured all over the different fronts were brought to the interior to be held there for the duration.

This particular camp was located approximately twenty miles north of Hanover, along the edge of a small village called Fallingbostel. Across the road was a camp used for the training of German soldiers. There were gentle rolling hills through this territory, and scattered over the hills were large groups of the ever-present pine trees. The weather in this sector was about the same as in the state of Indiana.

The entire camp was enclosed by barbed wire, with towers, containing search lights, spaced every few hundred yards. Guards covered the distance between towers at all hours and guarded about two hundred yards of fence. On the inside were the barracks which housed the prisoners. The different nationalities were segregated into groups, and housed in two or three barracks. The barracks were also enclosed by barbed wire, and armed guards covered all gates. At the side of a group of barracks was a field, supposedly used for exercise, but since the prisoners were in such a weakened condition the only exercising done in the field was walking around the enclosure to get limbered up.

The barracks were frame structures about the size of the Campus Club on the Butler campus. There were about one hundred and fifty men housed in each end of the building, and separated from each other by a small washroom in the middle of the structure. The beds were of double deck construction, and made entirely of wood. Mattresses were not furnished the prisoners; consequently, the men had a deep appreciation for the mattresses that were waiting for them at home.

This description gives a vague idea of a place I knew. I became acquainted with Stalag XI B the hard way; I dwelt in this prison camp for two months. I don't know what happened to Stalag XI B after I left, for we marched out of the stalag about one month before the war was completed. I do know that the camp does not stand today as it did during the hostilities, for the end of the war also brought the end of Stalag XI B.

The Rise Of The Hoosier Metropolis

MAXINE LYERSON

Indianapolis one-hundred and twenty-five years ago was almost an unknown region where solitude reigned supreme. We who see it today as one of the world's finest cities find it hard to picture the infant capital consisting of four or five cabins and spread over a distance of perhaps two miles. It might be difficult for us to imagine the "Crossroads of America" as once a part of an impossible Indian trail. Who would have thought that the wilderness of that time was the beginning of a superb town, the making of a great inland port? Its inhabitants then had little hope of its ever being more than a small village. Very few people dreamed that it would soon shelter a well-developed civilization; that the haunts of savage men and beasts were to be transformed into peaceful habitats, and that the cold dark ground would yield inexhaustible riches. It was only a matter of years before the forest and swamps would be replaced by beautiful landscapes. Stillness would soon be changed to the hum of industry, and Indianapolis would take her place among the leading cities of the world.

Realization of this dream came in April, 1816, when Congress authorized the setting aside of four sections of land in the central part of the state, on which to establish a permanent capital. Selection of a site for its capital stands out as one of the most important events in Indiana history. Not until January, 1880 did the Legislature appoint a committee for this purpose. Many prominent citizens held places on the committee. Among them were such men as George Hunt, John Conner, John Tipton and Stephen Ludlow. Ten members were appointed to the commission but only five had occasion to serve. These five traversed White River Valley, making examinations as they advanced, and very naturally reached conflicting conclusions. The one point on which they all agreed was that the capital should be located on White River, as it was the only navigable stream in the central part of the state. Three possible locations were then considered; Conner's Station, a small town almost four miles from Noblesville, The Bluffs near Waverly, and the mouth of Fall Creek. After much deliberation the committee chose the mouth of Fall Creek. There were several reasons for choosing this location. First the river afforded a good boat landing. Then there was ample high and level ground for the city and Fall Creek was a good mill stream. Also there were high banks on both sides of the stream, insuring in times of high water a certain passage.

After the selection of the site and before the town was plotted, a name for this "New Purchase" had to be found. This was the difficult job of the Legislature. Several names were suggested, among them "Suwarrow" and "Tecumseh." These, the commissioners argued, had no meaning and were thus rejected. Other names were given, discussed, laughed at, and voted down. The house convened and adjourned many times without coming to any agreement. Finally at the next meeting the name, Indianapolis was proposed. The name created quite a laugh. However the matter was discussed fully; adequate reasons were given in support of the propostions, and the name gradually commended itself to the committee and was thus accepted. After this adoption the news-

papers made considerable fun of it, as an unheard of and unpronouncable word, and for many years called it "Nap'lis" for short. The principle reason given in favor of adopting the proposed name was that the Greek termination would indicate to all the world the locality of the town; *polis* being the Greek word for city and the combination *Indiana-polis*.

A Vacation

WILLIAM G. SPELLMAN

We were going to Hawaii for a rest. The doctor had said we needed a short vacation, but that was his idea, not ours.

We flew up to the island of Mani from Honolulu. The sun had just risen out of the ocean and, through patches of mist, we caught intermittent glimpses of palm trees, pineapple plants, and long stretches of white beach. It is impossible to give names to all the shades of green that cover tropical islands. The long black runway seemed to leap up under the plane and we were rolling along the ground. It was hot! How can anyone be expected to rest on a vacation that takes him from one hot climate to another? We shouldn't have come. We might just as well have stayed on Tinian.

Mrs. Anderson was nice, a small woman in a cool print dress, with grey hair which was almost completely hidden under an oversized white hat. We liked her immediately because she made us feel at ease. The sun had burned away the mist and, while driving, our hostess maintained a steady stream of chatter, first on the names of the mountains, then on the names of each group of flowers we passed. If one is ever at a loss for words in the Hawaiian islands, the hosts of flowers and plants will provide an endless source of material.

We were getting up higher now; the air was cool and sweet. We turned into a driveway and, at the end of two long rows of stately royal palms, a beautiful home could be seen. This was a long way from Tinian; this was civilization. Our rooms were large and cool; the beds were soft and clean. Our meals were eaten slowly to the accompaniment of gentle conversation and the soft padding of the sandals of the two Japanese serving girls. The days were spent in pursuit of pleasure. We went swimming, played tennis, and drove up into the mountains and down to the beaches, through fields of pineapple and sugar cane. The evenings were spent quietly and leisurely playing cards or reading, just living like human beings again.

It came to an end, as all good things do. We said bood-bye and promised to come back, but we knew, and I believe they knew, that we would probably never meet again.

The black runway moved slowly at first, then more rapidly and the ground seemed to drop away beneath us. Through patches in the mist, we could see a few familiar landmarks. Then it all became a blur of many shades of green and the mists closed in, blotting out the island forever.

Shamus

JAMES W. SULLIVAN

When I tried to explain Shamus to the "Girl of my Dreams," I succeeded only in picturing an amusing and drunken gangster. She seemed to think he was an "Undesirable Character," so I guess I unintentionally stressed the rougher side of the diamond.

I should never have mentioned his underworld career. I had never told anyone else. In fact, I had never known about it until I had known him almost two years.

Shortly after V-E day, every man in our battallion was issued two quarts of wine and I, coming in from a particularly unpleasant tour of guard duty, found that Shamus had finished his two quarts and was halfway through one of mine. I was about to take a dim view of this, as wine was worth about three "bucks" a quart and neither one of us had been paid for about four months, but when he started talking about his pre-Army life, I did an about face and started opening the other quart.

As near as I could make out before he passed into the Sandman's domain, he had never killed a man, but he had done everything else. Before I went back to my rain-swept post, I knew his underworld connections from the ground down.

I'll admit I was startled, it just didn't fit in with his character as I knew him. I had known him as a guy who was sentimental, generous, cautious, and easily frightened, yet foolhardy and brave, and who had no enemies. I believed him, though, and our friendship didn't suffer a bit. What a man had done before he came to the army was his business and Shamus' affairs only made him more interesting to me.

Women and "kids" loved him and, in a battery where I had approximately five friends and, at least, ten sworn enemies, he was on good terms with everybody. It was only natural that this should be so. He had a knack of boomeranging or ignoring a jibe which was discouraging to would-be hecklers. We laughed with him and we laughed at him — at his queer way of walking with his knees bent, at his missing front teeth which left only two fangs showing, and at his way of referring to those fangs, as "the Goal Posts" and the "Pepsodent Twins." But laughter never disturbed him and the fact that a few of the more ignorant members of the battery held him in contempt bothered him not at all.

Of course, one of them finally let his contempt show. Shamus was passing behind our gun-pit when Miller, the battery bully, gave him a push. As a push it was nothing. It didn't put Shamus on the ground, but it had behind it the contempt of a bully for the supposedly weak and inoffensive, and I, seeing it from the gun-pitt, reached for the rammer-staff. I was considerably huskier and less dissipated-looking than Shamus and I had curbed the Superman complex of comrade Miller only by throwing a well-founded fear of death into him. So Miller and I were both immensely surprised when there was a sudden splash and Miller disappeared into the mud. (Italian mud that was — not this sticky ground you find here in the States, but a sea too thick for swimming and too thin for walking.) When Shamus fished him out as he was going down for the

third time, there was a gleam of respect in Miller's eyes.

I suppose that, in the last paragraph, I've given the impression that Shamus was a superman. He wasn't. In all the two and a half years I knew him, that was the only time he ever had a fight. Most often, when I look back, I see him either drunk and singing or sober and singing.

He had many nicknames and one of the first he collected was "Bing." He could sing; and he loved to sing. I guess no one in the old battery will ever forget the night in Naples when he and I lay awake until two o'clock singing. At least, they said they wouldn't.

As his buddy, I soon found that he operated on the communist theory — what was mine was his and what was his was, surprisingly, mine. Thus, if I had seven packs of cigarettes to last until the ration came the next week and he had none, we smoked for three and a half days and became snipers until the rations arrived. And, if I lost a field jacket and he had two, one of them became mine. To him this was natural — we were buddies; we shared.

If a shell came in a mile away and could be seen, it was a safe bet that Shamus would see it, make mention of it, and become nervous about it. He was super-cautious, but we didn't laugh at him for that. When we were established in our prairie-dog town in Purple Heart Valley, it was Shamus who daily took his three-fourth ton truck up that shooting gallery the French called a road and brought rations back to us. He wasn't fearless — he was sweating blood all the way up the mountain and all the way back down — but he was sure brave!

To me, the greatest example of his foolhardiness wasn't the time be yelled, "Geronimo," as our observation section was pulling a very quiet withdrawal through the rear second-floor window of a Nazi house. The rest of the section will never forget or forgive him for that, but I maintain he couldn't help making wise-cracks at critical moments and that his most foolhardy act occurred when the powers-that-be told us that because of our Mediterranean service, we wouldn't be sent to the Pacific. At this, Shamus waxed indignant, announced that he had "joined the Army to see the world and I ain't stopping half-way," and, waiving his ninety-one points, volunteered for an active theater.

A Veteran's Philosophy Of Education

ROBERT B. JOHNSON

The acquisition of an education, to the veteran, is more than a desire—it is a must! The veteran's opportunities for observation of society, perhaps more numerous than those of the non-veteran, enable him to instantly conclude: education is the foremost prerequisite to life.

Observation of the uneducated mortal striving to sustain himself and his family, much like the Greyhound in hot pursuit of the never quite attainable metal rabbit, serves only to intensify the veteran's will to procure an education. The uneducated man is restricted to those phases of life which are coincident with his comprehension. The more intricate concepts of life,

the more livable aspects of our social and economic democracy, are inconceivable to him.

Education, or the development of culture, since even before the Indian philosophy of "Upanishads," has comprised the efforts of man to live more fully, to appreciate more readily the wonders of the universe and to evaluate accurately each in its respective relation to him. Perhaps the experiences encountered during the war effect a definite bearing upon the veteran's ideals, or what he wants to be. Whether this be relevant or not, the facts are obvious. The veteran of this war is not content with the meagre fruits borne of an uneducated existence.

The educated individual not only anticipates life to the utmost, he is prepared to live and become an integrated part of society. The extent to which man may participate in the democratic practices of the world today are limited only by the extent of his education. Limitless opportunities constantly present themselves, in each and every phase of our complex modern civilization. The educated man is prepared to grasp each individually, exploit it, utilize it, bend it to his will and, supplementing it with previously acquired opportunities, continue to advance in life, secure in the knowledge that through education he is LIVING.

Night In A Manufacturing District

JOHN M. SATTER

Night in a manufacturing district offers impressions quite different from those one gets in the same location during the day. Darkness hides much of the detail of the surrounding buildings, and softens their sharp lines so that they melt into great mounds of blackness. Occasionally there is a patch of brightness to show that a night-shift is working, or perhaps there is a line of gasoline flares marking the edge of an excavation. Farther along, a cluster of red lanterns outlines a pile of materials for a factory which is under construction. If one should look up, perhaps he should see a few stars hidden now and then by clouds of steam from power house exhausts, or by smoke from the tall chimneys. The roar of the day has diminished almost to complete silence, and a number of small, isolated sounds can be heard. The quiet hum of a motor, the muffled rumble of some heavy machinery, and the steps of a night-watchman making his round all are greatly amplified. In the distance one hears the blare of an auto horn and the clatter of a street car as it crosses intersecting tracks. In the daytime these sights are changed, the sounds blend into a great background of noise, and each goes unnoticed.

Parachute Jump

EUGENE V. AYERS

"Stand up and hook up," comes the order. An attempt to rise is thwarted by eighty pounds of equipment and the violent lurching of the ship. With a mighty effort you're on your feet groping for the cable to fasten the static line. The fuselage reeks of the sweating bodies before you. "Stand in the door," shouts the jumpmaster. A few seconds more and all will be over! Your parched throat is clogged with cotton froth, while visions of cool water taunt your brain. "Go," is the command. The clicking stacatto of the static lines as they snap on the cable marks the exit of the ones in front. Four more, three, two and you're in the door! With a mighty lunge you hurtle into the blue. The wind is driven from your lungs by the blast from the propellers. The world rocks and all is crazy. Jumping from a plane in flight is an experience never to be forgotten.

Vignettes

To eat wieners and marshmellows that have been roasted over a glowing fire is to taste autumn.

from *AUTUMN* by Richard Garvey

The mountains reached for the sky, their success in this attempt being veiled by lazy, unhurried clouds.

from *SAMOA* by Donald W. Lacy

In this picture you see a well-washed, highly presentable, acutely self-conscious group of happy soldiers with their smiling officers. It was taken at Fort Benning, Georgia, after the war was over and just prior to the large-scale demobilization. The smiles on our faces are smiles of triumph, relief, and maybe even disbelief. We were going to be sent home. We had received a liberal education and this was our graduation picture.

from *MY MOST PRIuED POSSESSIONS* by Owen M. Mullin

The snow was falling slowly, almost lazily, making only indifferent efforts to reach the ground.

from *SENSORY OBSERVATION WITH AN ABSTRACT IDEA* by John Kirkhoff

The questions flew at us like leaves in an October wind.

from *THAT FISH THAT ALMOST GOT AWAY* by Frank Shelhorn

The horders and goat-tenders lazily follow their bleating and strong-smelling responsibilities down the dirty, narrow street.

from *LUCA* by Paul E. Pavey

. . . . as out of place as a log cabin in Times Square.

from *SAMOA* by Donald W. Lacy

Suddenly, I heard a shrill excited voice shouting, "Nylons for sale!" Just

as this beautiful phrase was repeated the second time, I became part of the sidewalk. Some playful old girl had been taught that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points.

from *THE NYLON RUSH* by Charles R. Bigler

As the setting sun dipped into the waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea, a blanket of darkness seemed not only to cover the earth, but to imbed its shadows into the very soul of the Italian people.

Upon a group of land based sailors, wandering aimlessly along the ruined waterfront of Naples, this repressive feeling seemed embedded. They were not conscious of the great city of antiquity, for to one whose heart was longing for twinkling lights and gaeity, the crumbled walls and millions who dwelt within became an abyss of darkness.

from *ANTON GRUBI* by C. R. Phelps

My name is Tungate. ****Letters arrive with all kinds of names on them. They usually have the right letters, but in the wrong places. ****** I usually find myself in the middle of a spelling at the mention of my name. **** I have time by going into the routine of T, as in truck, U, as in union, N, as in no, and GATE, as in fence. **** My only hope is that He has my name on the right list and spelled T-U-N-G-A-T-E.

from *MY NAME* by Edward S. Tungate